OUTLOOK
and Independent

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JUNE 3, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

Four Major Issues

To the Editor: *Atlanta, Ga.*

SIR—For what they are worth, may I add my congratulations to the many which you must be receiving on your sane and categorical stand upon matters of principle and truth? In this most fortunate land there are but few problems that need be faced at present. But if problems requiring immediate attention are fewer than in Europe, the need for sanity, clearness and boldness is the greater, because we are not used to independent thought and action, and too often leave it to specialists to tell us what is what. Specialists are usually as narrow as the ring around the cormorant's throat.

Four such problems are uppermost in America now. The first one is unemployment. You have refused to follow the gaping optimists who deny the bad times or predict their immediate end. While Mr. Hoover and Mr. Green express their horror at the idea that wages might be reduced, we all know that such a reduction is going on all over the country. Everywhere men and women are discharged to save the amount that they had been working to attain, and cheaper labor is hired to replace them. Salaries are reduced also by the same and other methods. The unemployment situation may be due to past extravagance or saturation. As a traveler of wide acquaintance and a reader of the OUTLOOK, I know that it is largely due to the loss of foreign markets. This I attribute to the revolt against the high-pressure sales methods which were originated a few years ago under the auspices of the Department of Commerce.

The second problem is prohibition and the liquor trade. Your stand is clear and reasonable in this matter also. Too many editors are timorous on this subject. Who will analyze the reasons why the South is against repeal, for instance, while there is no better market for liquor than the South, both in the form of "corn" and of patent medicine?

The third is the threat of war. You have been fearless in your editorials and book reviews. It is the established policy of American editors to hush every mention of the coming European war and possible repercussions in America. As a matter of fact, a war of sorts has already been started. Nations are manoeuvring to place each other in the light of the aggressor. The OUTLOOK has been among the first to recognize the truth, to explain just what the League of Nations is, and what it is not, and where the danger lay.

The fourth is without a name. It is an interest in externals and a lack of interest in the real factors of the world as it exists. It is not snobbery, nor ignorance, nor yet fear of being different, nor curiosity; but it is a state of mind which participates of all these feelings. I have in mind the acceptance of childish press-agents' romanticism, the running after royalty, the belief in alleged confidences and "indiscretions" in the public news, the relish of backstairs gossip so obviously inspired in the front hall, the will-to-believe that kings and queens are of another clay. Your publication of Mr. Bercovici's articles about the infamous Court of Roumania was a spirited deed. Whether your readers all liked them is a question that puzzles me. How you dared publish them is another one. When I was in Bucharest, I had some of the facts offered me. I was a coward. Your example, that of Colonel Powell and of George Seldes will help give some of us our lost backbone in the matter of getting the news before the American public. Perhaps you will now tell us also the truth about the Spanish family.

I am through. There are other points of public interest on which you have turned the searchlight of truth—China, Russia, the Caribbean Isles, the immigration problem. You show no extremist stand or prejudice. The four points I mentioned are enough to establish a record. I was going to add that you deserved the Pulitzer prize, but that is not given for sanity, only for sensation. Let your own certainty of being right be your own reward!

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

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Art and Industry
By Claude Bragdon and Cleome Carroll

Buildings in America do not dramatize themselves or vividly disclose their uses to the public, say these authors. They tell in word and picture what Europe is doing.

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California Misrepresented

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—In the present deluge of magazines, books and other printed matter, one can read only a few publications. Intelligent judgment will dictate the selection of mediums reliable in the presentation of facts and devoted to the expression of tolerant, cosmopolitan opinion. When I subscribed for the OUTLOOK I acted upon the assumption that it was such a magazine.

The features of the article, "California, the Unbeloved," that offended me were not the expressions of disagreeable opinions, but the suggestion in a most insidious way of that which is absolutely false as the truth.

For instance, the suggestion that the boulevards of Los Angeles are congested with antiquated cars and the designation of one who expresses an opposite opinion as evidencing "maladroit bumptiousness" and "meretricious braggartism." These statements as set forth in the article were designed to convey the impression, and do convey very effectively the impression, that a larger percentage of the population of Los Angeles than is common in most American cities is riding around in broken-down automobiles. Such is directly contrary to the fact and would readily mislead any who depended upon your magazine for information.

Again, the statement is made that visitors to California have suffered from sunstroke, as though sunstroke were a very common occurrence in California. It is a well-known fact that sunstroke is practically unknown in California.

Another instance—the article suggests that visitors to California acquire chills and pneumonia in the April cloudbursts. Anyone who knows California knows how ridiculously and absurdly untrue this statement is, and yet one not acquainted with the facts would be given a very false impression thereof by this statement.

Another instance—the article suggests that native son discriminations exist as to employment, promotions and social activities. Such is not the fact. The native sons are an almost inarticulate minority in California.

At another point in the article the suggestion is made that the state of California is a "real estate promotion conspiracy," which is a very unfair representation of the people of California and their activities.

At another point in the article allusions are made to the manner of enforcing the plant quarantine at the California border. The presentation of this subject is characterized by gross exaggerations unjustifiably and unnecessarily offensive.

Finally, the provincialism of the article and the crass thinking in sectional terms are subservient only to narrowmindedness and contracted mental horizons. In this day when the aeroplane, the radio, and other modern inventions have reduced the transportation and communication limits of the United States to a unit smaller than one of the original thirteen colonies, one who attempts to distinguish the citizens of any particular section of the United States from the remainder of the country must close his eyes to the facts.

The people of California are not in any particular different from the people in the state of New York. Their culture, their ideals, their diversions and their faults are identical.

Is it then in keeping with the dictates of good taste to select a particular state and represent it as something disliked in other sections of the United States or portray its people as a distinct class to be scorned and condemned by people of other sections of the same country?

Difference of opinion is always to be sought. Any intelligent man will naturally seek expressions of opinion contrary to his own in order that he may be better informed. Misrepresentation of fact, whether direct or by suggestion, is a wholly different matter. Gratuitous aspersions thrown at the people of an entire state are also quite distinguishable. It was the latter phases of this article which caused me to feel that I had been deceived in my appraisal of the service to be rendered by your magazine.

BYRON C. HANNA.

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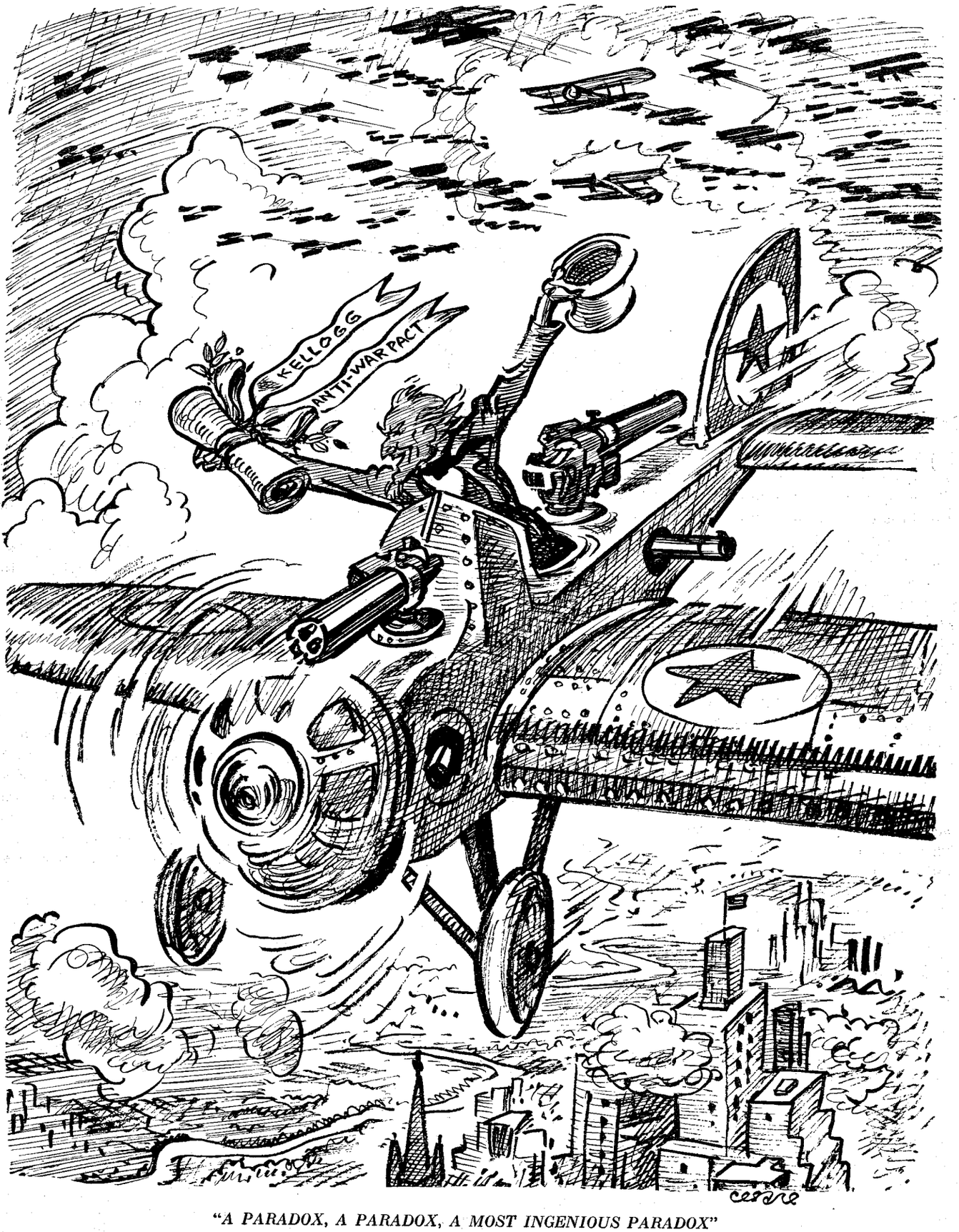

"A PARADOX, A PARADOX, A MOST INGENIOUS PARADOX"

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

June 3, 1931

Trend of the Week

America's Liquor Bill

PLACING the nation's annual liquor bill near the three billion dollar mark, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment merely dramatizes a well-established fact—that dry America drinks like a fish. The Association shows expenditures for liquor swelling from $1,818,000,000 in 1914 to $2,848,000,000 in the fiscal year 1929, when they exceeded the value of all automobiles in the United States and almost equalled the receipts of the gasoline industry. The Association notes that figures are not yet available for 1930 and 1931 but that preliminary figures "indicate that the fiscal year 1931 will, on the whole, show a marked increase over the figures for 1930, which were far in excess of the 1929 figures." These statistics may be questioned; they will certainly be questioned by the Anti-Saloon Leaguers and the Methodist Board of moralists.

One figure in the Association's statement is probably beyond dispute—the liquor industry's payment in 1914 of $333,000,000 in federal, state and local taxes. This $333,000,000 amounted to $3.40 for each person in the United States. With national prohibition, of course, came the end of these tax receipts which, without prohibition, would now amount to $400,000,000 a year on the $3.40 basis. Thus the eleven years of Volsteadism have actually cut federal, state and local governments out of a revenue of at least $4,000,000,000. The challenging fact is not that such revenues might have been used in the heyday of prosperity to reduce taxes or, better still, to reduce public debts. It is that now, with depression producing deficits and the threat of higher income levies, the nation might have had a life-saver in liquor taxes. The Cannons and Brookharts doubtless will squirm at the thought of using liquor taxes to eliminate deficits, but they cannot explain away the fact that, taxes or no taxes, the nation keeps on drinking.

To and Fro with Fall

KEEPING tabs on the Fall case is rather like watching a football game—glance away from the skirmish and you may miss the dramatic turning point.

On April 6 the District of Columbia Court of Appeals upheld the conviction in 1929 of Albert B. Fall, Harding's Secretary of the Interior, for accepting a $100,000 bribe in the Elk Hills oil lease scandal. On the same day it was made known that the case—the sentence was a year in jail and a fine of $100,000—would be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

Then on May 3 Fall announced that the case would not be appealed to the Supreme Court. Finally on May 21 Fall's attorneys announced that it would be appealed to the Supreme Court after all.

All this may be unintelligible to those who missed a single play—Fall's statement of May 4. On that day he announced that, besides instructing his attorneys not to appeal, he had asked them to "leave any further proceedings in the hands of my friends, to be handled by them as they have been doing, directly with the President." Those who noted this move may feel that they understand how it happens that a case which was not to be appealed on May 3 was to be appealed on May 21. They may suspect that suggestions that the President interfere in the Fall case received a chilly reception at the White House. At any rate, the country will not see Fall publicly petitioning his old Cabinet mate, Mr. Hoover, for a pardon while the latter is preparing to deliver an address in praise of President Harding at the dedication of the Harding tomb in Ohio. Instead, it will see him appealing to a court presided over by another of his old Cabinet mates, Mr. Hughes.

Army Air Games

"NO FILM, no matter how realistic in its conception and execution," wrote J. B. Priestley in *The Balconinny* essays, "can suggest the muddle and monotony, the waste without end, the long obscenities of war." What may be true of war films is certainly true of war games, specifically the war games of the United States Army Air Corps. To be sure, the Army staged a good show, starting with an attack on Chicago and ending with manœuvres over Washington. The defense of New York City, intended to be the most dramatic act, was dramatic enough, but it wasn't war. According to plan, some seven hundred planes flew from Chicago to defend New York and then moved on into New England. According to plan, most of them flew over Manhattan. Bad weather, however, delayed the flight for three hours and compelled the abandonment of a scheduled sham battle. You can see how all that differed from war, which, incidentally, all important countries have solemnly renounced in the Kellogg treaty and for which they are all in rigorous training.

In the words of the War Department the show was staged "to test and improve tactical theories of the Army with respect to aerial defense of our coast line against enemy invasion; to bring

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the various Air Corps units together for annual training in the highly essential field of teamwork and improve methods of command and maintenance." Viewing it in this light, as a preparation for war, it is possible to justify its expense, said to be something like $3,000,000. Whether or not this expenditure was part of the regular budget, it might conceivably have been saved. Yet there can be no objection to the expenditure if the manœuvres were really useful and necessary. A few lessons well learned in peacetime might save us a fortune in wartime.

What can be objected to, however, is the stream of thrift-in-the-Army propaganda which, despite the cost of the aerial war games, has been flowing out of the White House. It is impossible to reconcile the expensive air games with Army economy, impossible to reconcile them with recent inspired newspaper stories leaving the general impression that, by racking his brain and staying awake nights, President Hoover is making tremendous savings in expenditures for the War Department. An Army which has practically been put on bread and water doesn't stage $3,000,000 air shows.

▶▶*Rebuke from Will Rogers*

THE dry commonsense of Will Rogers, which gives the best of his comments memorable bite and sparkle, never appeared to better advantage than it did a few days ago. Mr. Rogers heard that Oklahoma City University had been thinking of making him a Doctor of Humanity and Letters. "What are you trying to do," he wired to *The Daily Oklahoman,* "make a joke out of college degrees? They are in bad enough repute as it is, without handing 'em around to comedians. The whole honorary degree thing is the 'hooey.' I saw some college giving Mellon one, and he is a billion bucks short. I got too much respect for people that work and earn 'em to see 'em handed around to every notorious character."

Mr. Rogers' semi-serious words sheathe a pointed truth. Our institutions of learning have so badly abused their honorary degrees that to be awarded one begins to be the equivalent of being crowned with an old tomato can. Even Big Bill Thompson has been solemnly honored by an American university—Bill's a Doctor of Laws. At times, of course, honorary degrees are distributed simply as rewards for, or in expectation of, fat benefactions; even when they are not, however, they often attract more attention to the donors than to the recipients. They show that the guiding minds of many of our universities lack both discrimination and a reasonable sense of values on which to base it. Will Rogers' comment came just in time. Possibly it will make some of our university heads think twice before they stultify this commencement season by draping their ribbons over persons who do not deserve them.

Wide World

DOCTOR OF APPLESAUCE
Only honorary degree which would be acceptable to Will Rogers

▶▶*Republican Boomerangs*

VOTE FOR ME, a Republican, elect a Republican Congress, and you'll be prosperous, Mr. Hoover told the American people in 1928. The country cannot be made prosperous by an Administration, a Congress or a political party, he tells them in 1931. These are not literal quotations from his statements, but they might well be. All during the 1928 campaign Mr. Hoover implied that the country had been prosperous because the Republicans had been in power and would stay prosperous if they were returned to power. All during the present depression he has implied that the Republican party cannot make the country prosperous because of economic forces and world-wide conditions over which it has no control.

What Mr. Hoover has implied, many of his lieutenants have said in so many words. Believe them, and the Republican party can produce prosperity and yet cannot produce it; was responsible for our recent economic Paradise and yet is not responsible for our present economic Gehenna. But neither Mr. Hoover nor his lieutenants can have it both ways. No one can square Mr. Hoover's campaign speeches with his statement of May 22, in which he rejected Senator La Follette's appeal for an extra session of Congress, arguing that it would disturb the healing process going on in the economic situation, and adding: "We cannot legislate ourselves out of a world economic depression; we can and will work ourselves out."

These contradictory Republican attitudes, this effort to credit the Republican party with good times and blame the world for bad times, can convince no sensible person. Whatever the outcome of the 1932 elections, the voters will not be taken in by any further talk of Republican prosperity. It strikes us that in this fact the average Republican can find no little comfort. The prosperity claim was always likely to prove a boomerang, as it is doing today, and Republicans can be thankful that they are rid of a weapon which, if powerful, was also dangerous. Now the party might well get rid of another weapon equally powerful and equally dangerous—the support of bone-dry organizations like the Anti-Saloon League. It will be a better party when both weapons have hit the scrapheap.

▶▶*Advertising "Shorts"*

IF THE INTELLIGENCE of movie audiences is not very high, it is evidently too high to permit them to swallow the short advertising films which recently found their way into movie programs. It is now announced that Paramount and Warners have joined Metro-Gold-

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wyn-Mayer, Fox and Universal in their stand against the "sponsored" or advertising movie. The only explanation offered for this action is that the advertising shorts had failed to "take" with the public. As Darwin Teilhet intimated in last week's OUTLOOK, movie audiences have been showing signs of restlessness on finding motor oil mixed with their entertainment. Apparently the producers have noted the signs and decided to act before it was too late.

For years advertisers have been nagging movie companies to use the silver screen as a billboard. Until a year or so ago no large company would seriously consider the matter. Then came hard times, movie receipts fell off, Hollywood's attitude changed and Paramount and Warners, particularly, began making and releasing many one- and two-reelers extolling the virtues of commercial products. Now, hard times or no hard times, they will discontinue this practice as soon as their contracts with advertisers run out.

If this unsuccessful experiment proves anything, it is that movie audiences do take their films seriously enough to resent the intrusion of propaganda. Bad though they may be, the screen stories are genuine drama to millions—too genuine to become mere sugar coating on a salesman's pill. Possibly there is a lesson for worried Hollywood in this indication that audiences take the cinema seriously and examine it critically. Isn't it just possible that an audience intelligent enough to reject advertising "shorts" is intelligent enough to demand better pictures and to stay away from the movie cathedrals when they are not forthcoming?

▶▶*Oratory of Today*

DID vague memories of moustache cups assail you as you read of the national oratorical contest in Washington, with the contenders seven high-school pupils sponsored by as many newspapers, and with the championship going to Robert Gibson Rayburn of Newton, Kansas? If so, there were others like you. "Oratory"—in the sense of flamboyant rafter-ringing—is as out of date as the ear pick. The old-fashioned speaker, with his sweeping gestures and rolling sentences, his florid face and phrases, impressed our parents and grandparents, but would strike us as rather a clown. Our fancy runs to speakers whose phrases are fresh and vivid, whose remarks are concise and incisive, and who, above all, seem to believe what they say. In general, fortunately, it seems to have been that kind of oratory which was practiced by the high-school contestants at Washington.

In 1896 Bryan's gaudy cross-of-gold speech won him a nomination for President and moved a contemporary writer to call it "one of the few inspired utterances of the human soul." The Democratic convention of 1896 could listen approvingly while a delegate said of Bryan, as Prentiss said of Clay: "His

Wide World

BOY ORATOR
Robert Gibson Rayburn wins national contest at Washington

civic laurels will not yield in splendor to the brightest chaplet that ever bloomed upon a warrior's brow." Today the younger delegates, at least, would consider this high-falutin'. Four years later Beveridge made United States Senators tingle by shouting: "Pray God the time may never come when mammon and the love of ease will so debase our blood that we will fear to shed it for the flag and its imperial destiny." Today this sort of thing would send the younger members to the cloak-rooms.

"Oratorical" had become almost a term of reproach by the time the Twentieth Century was old enough to vote. It is significant that the one speech which has outlived recent presidential campaigns is Franklin D. Roosevelt's restrained but sincere "Happy Warrior" address nominating Smith at Houston. It is equally significant that Claude Bowers' ripsnorting, old-fashioned address on that occasion was generally chuckled at outside the convention hall. In us it inspired nothing more than memory of a bucolic poem:

> Fling out the banner far,
> But not too far, b'gee,
> For if you flung it out too far,
> Where would the banner be?

▶▶*The Farrell Speeches*

PREVIOUSLY WE HAVE asked why business leaders did not stand up and say what they really thought about the business depression. Now we have one who does—James M. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation. In his May 22 speech to the American Iron and Steel Institute, Mr. Farrell struck at the steel men who were cutting prices and wages in the steel industry. In his May 24 speech, over the radio, he pointed out principles to be followed in recapturing prosperity—toward which, he said, the nation was now gradually returning.

Mr. Farrell not only said what he thought; he thought something worth saying. To the steel men he said:

"We are living in a fool's paradise if we think that every steel manufacturer in the United States has maintained what is generally known as the current rates of wages. It has not been done. There has been honeycombing and pinching and that sort of thing. And even among the most talked-of companies, the so-called big companies, the companies in the headlines now and then, they do not pay the standard rate of wages when it comes to the rate per hour . . . . I think it is a pretty cheap sort of a business when the largest industries in the country are trying to maintain a stable rate of wages, for men who are working three days a week, and then cut three days a week another 10 per cent . . . . There is not a single line in the steel business today in my opinion where there is an adequate cost return on the finished materials . . . . If we are not going to get more money for our goods we won't be talking about a reduction of any 10 per cent in wage earnings. What we will eventually face, unless we receive better prices, is something that I won't mention here. You know what it is."

To the public he said:

"American industry has built up a foreign trade amounting in 1929 to nine billion dollars . . . . It is essential to our prosperity as a nation that we find markets for at least 10 per cent of the

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total production of our farms and industries . . . . Time and patience are required in the solution of this problem

Underwood

SEES HOOVER RE-ELECTED
Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior

. . . . Our recovery is not wholly conditional upon the solution of problems in our lands. We possess within ourselves the power to lead the world to recovery."

These are a few sentiments of a man who hacks away boldly and lets the chips fly where they will. Contrasted with Mr. Farrell's, the statements of official Washington sound like the nervous whistling of bewildered children in the dark.

▶▶*The Prophets Sound Off*

THOUGH our business prophets are now a sorry, discredited lot, our political prophets, undiscouraged, carry on. Their voices are now loud in the land and will be until the morning of election day, November 8, 1932. Not that they have any accurate means of reading the future. They simply cannot resist the temptation to look ahead. Neither can they shake off the political tradition that predictions of victory somehow bring victory nearer. Little by little their forecasts, optimistic at the start, grow more so, until, a few weeks before election, Democratic prophets are claiming Pennsylvania and Vermont, while Republican prophets are announcing that Mississippi and South Carolina will go Republican and stay Republican forever.

The week has yielded two prophecies of the old familiar stripe. Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, invading Boston, Al Smith's backyard, has said that President Hoover's popularity, impaired early in the depression, is now so great that he will be renominated and comfortably reëlected. Simeon D. Fess, of the Republican National Committee and the Methodist Prohibition Board, has declared that his home state, Ohio, which elected a Democratic Governor and Senator last year, "will be among the leaders in the reëlection next year of President Hoover."

Have Messrs. Wilbur and Fess any trustworthy information on which to base their predictions? None whatever. They simply know, as every one knows, that, because of prohibition and business depression, Democratic prospects for 1932 look extraordinarily bright; that the situation may change considerably in the next year and that, in predicting the outcome of the November, 1932, election in May, 1931, they are talking through their hats. Yet, being professional Republicans, they predict the election of a Republican. If they were professional Democrats, they would predict the election of a Democrat. Political prophecy is not very subtle. It's all as simple, and as silly, as that.

▶▶*Inevitable Failure*

THE six-day conference which met in London on May 18 to consider the worldwide wheat crisis arising from overproduction has failed. Representatives of the eleven principal wheat-growing countries convened to reach an agreement on an international wheat pool. They ended by agreeing on next to nothing.

For this failure there are two reasons: Russia and the United States. In essentials, the wheat pool plan provided that the eleven nations agree for the next two years to limit the total amount of wheat exported; that each nation by a quota system be permitted to export a certain part of this total, and that the operation of the plan be supervised by an international wheat organization with headquarters in England. The United States would have nothing to do with the plan. Russia accepted it on two impossible conditions: First, that her quota constitute about a third of the total; secondly, that there be no attempt to fix wheat prices. The attitudes of both countries were not only understandable but inevitable. So, therefore, the failure of the conference.

The American policy, a sound one, is to persuade farmers to reduce their wheat acreage and sell to the American market alone. Our Federal Farm Board, however, cannot compel farmers to follow its advice and probably they will refuse to, thus, as usual, growing more wheat than the United States can consume. Eventually this surplus must be sold abroad. Not all of it could be if the United States were to accept an export quota, nor could the Farm Board dispose of all the wheat it has on hand. Yet to store this surplus in America, besides being costly, would also depress American prices.

The Russian policy brings up the whole question of dumping, about which current arguments shed more heat than light. Russia opposes the price fixing and quota system—or rather, she asks for a quota too large to be considered—because on her collective farms she can grow good wheat very cheaply, because she can therefore undersell her competitors in foreign markets and because she expects her wheat exports to pay for much of her imports. She intends,

International

WENT TO LONDON
Samuel R. McKelvie, who represented United States at international wheat parley

not to curtail production, but to expand it. No nation need buy this Russian product, or any other for that matter,

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if it does not wish to. Any country can bar out products from Russia by means of tariffs, embargoes or what-not if it is willing to pay higher prices elsewhere. Listening to some of the shouts against "Russian dumping" one might suppose that Russia could make other countries buy from her against their will. Actually, in the wheat field she has simply worked herself into the position the United States occupies in the automobile field: She can produce and sell abroad more cheaply than her competitors can. That's all there is to it.

▶▶*Higher Freight Rates?*

THE principle involved is the one clear thing about the plan of the Eastern railroads to petition the Interstate Commerce Commission for higher freight rates. The railroads contend that the depression has spelled a decreased volume of traffic which at current rates yields revenues so slim as to impair railroad credit and service; that these decreased revenues cannot be offset by decreased expenditures since taxes and interest charges cannot be decreased at all, since expenditures for supplies have already been cut to the bone, and since expenditures for labor cannot be reduced further without undesirable wage cuts. The only way out, they say, is to increase revenues by increasing freight rates. That is the railroads' case—as yet, of course, unproved.

Hearing of the railroads' losses, the average American may ask why they should not take them as other industries take them during times of depression. The question points to the fundamental principle arising out of governmental regulation of railroads, as, indeed, out of governmental regulation of any industry. If the government, as it does, is to prevent the railroads from making large profits during good times, then it must protect them from heavy losses during bad times. Curtailment of railroad earnings has been the intent and purpose of the regulation of railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Congress itself has stipulated that the Commission must recapture one-half of all railroad earnings in excess of a 5¾ per cent return on their value; the Commission, unable to recapture any significant amount, has sought in effect to enforce that dictum by means of rate cuts. The inevitable result is the present claim that the railroads, not having been allowed to accumulate a surplus for hard times, should be allowed to institute higher rates.

There are two ways of meeting the principle that curtailment of profits implies protection from losses. One is that now espoused by the railroads. The other is that espoused last January by the Interstate Commerce Commission itself. The Commission wished Congress to repeal the recapture provision and broaden its rate-making powers, preferring not to limit railroad earnings to any arbitrary percentage but to base rates largely on economic conditions and the needs of the carriers, which would permit excess income in prosperous times to offset losses in depression. The fact that Congress gave no heed to the Commission's request may mean that the Commission's approach to the principle is out of question so far as the present situation is concerned. That leaves the other approach, that of the railroads—higher freight rates. When, and, of course, if, the railroads prove their case, this approach should be and probably will be followed.

▶▶*Doak Mystery Case*

IF SECRETARY OF LABOR DOAK set out to mystify and confuse the American public a week or so ago, he certainly succeeded. Miss Mary Anderson, head of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, had been designated as the unofficial American representative at the International Labor Conference which met at Geneva on May 28. A few days before the conference convened, however, Mr. Doak cabled her to stay away from it. Why? Who knows? Per-

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 160.

If this period of convalescence through which we have been passing must be spoken of as a period of depression, it is far and away the finest depression that we have ever had.—HENRY FORD.

Fred M. Brown, 5311 Lawton Ave., Oakland, Cal., $5 prize.

With overproduction now practically out of the way, and if we can get rid of unemployment, the situation will adjust itself.—HARVEY S. FIRESTONE.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

In the capitalistic countries there is, of course, hardship due to unemployment, but there is no starvation, no misery, certainly no destitution.—THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Mrs. Harriet W. Patterson, Vergennes, Vt., $2 prize.

If there ever was a time when people were justified in borrowing it is at the present time.—ROGER W. BABSON.

Henry C. Suter, South Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

We have done much more for the people with whom we have come in contact than they have done for us.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

John J. McCarthy, 48 Midland Ave., Rye, N. Y., $2 prize.

A scientific study of the Eighteenth Amendment by some of the best minds of the country reveals the fact that it does not curtail nor destroy ordered freedom.—DR. WALTER DEXTER.

Miss J. M. Fosdick, 367 N. May Ave., Monrovia, Cal., $2 prize.

The veterans must remember that the politicians are organized against the veterans and that they will do everything possible to keep veterans unorganized.—SENATOR BRONSON CUTTING.

Tom S. Gray, Jr., P. O. Box 658, Athens, Ga., $2 prize.

I am convinced that marriage is the most successful social institution that we have yet devised.—IDA M. TARBELL,

Mrs. E. B. Douglass, R. D. 9, Anderson, Ind., $2 prize.

Never in history has literature been so consistently filthy and rotten as it is today.—PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, 2011 Orrington Ave., Evanston, Ill., $2 prize.

At times, when I begin to broadcast, I feel like a surgeon beginning to operate.—RUDY VALLEE.

O. E. Gilleland, 1715 Martha St., Munhall, Pa., $2 prize.

A fairly bright boy is far more intelligent and far better company than the average adult.—J. B. S. HALDANE.

O. J. Schuster, 414 S. Spruce St., Lyon Park, Clarendon, Va., $2 prize.

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haps because her attendance had been opposed by that visionary little group known as the National Woman's Party. Whatever the real explanation may be, Mr. Doak's explanation explained nothing.

"Unofficial participation of the United States in the International Labor Conference would be impossible," he said, "it being an agency of the League of Nations by which it was created." This statement can leave no other impression with the general public than that the United States refuses to coöperate with the League of Nations. But, as a matter of fact, we have coöperated with the League for years, on every subject imaginable. Indeed, the records show that no fewer than 212 individuals have been appointed by the United States Government to represent us at League conferences either as official delegates or as advisors, observers and consultants. Why the League's International Labor Conference should be an exception is beyond us. Official American delegates and unofficial American observers have travelled to League headquarters at Geneva to discuss disarmament, opium, communications and transit, import and export restrictions, the Aaland Islands, Greek refugees, obscene publications, double taxation, bills of exchange, white slavery and Lord knows what all. We send so many representatives to Geneva, in fact, that we would do well to keep a lot of them there and save ourselves the cost of all this shuttling back and forth across the Atlantic. So whatever Mr. Doak means, it can't be what it seems to be. Presumably he does mean something.

▶▶*The Porters Abroad*

We do hope Mayor John C. Porter and Mrs. Porter of Los Angeles will enjoy their trip abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Porter are the ones in the group of American Mayors and their wives now visiting France as the guests of the city of Paris who "believe in following the American Constitution, even when on foreign soil." According to newspaper reports, on the voyage over, when the Mayors were offered the customary pre-luncheon cocktail by the ship's captain, the Porters elaborately abstained and scolded their colleagues for accepting drinks. At Havre they carried on. When the Mayor of Havre raised his champagne glass and invited his guests to drink the traditional toasts to the Presidents of the two republics, the Porters left the room, refusing to be photographed in the midst of "such lawbreaking."

A shrewd move, too, for it caused the Porters to be photographed alone. Of course, if the Porters have patriotic or personal scruples about drinking, they could do as other persons with such scruples do—quietly decline to be served, or, when drinking toasts, simply raise the glass in acknowledgment without touching its contents. But that wouldn't be so noticeable. In the course of their visit, the Mayors undoubtedly will be called upon repeatedly to drink the ceremonial toasts to the Presidents of the two republics and each time the Porters can leave the room. They ought to have a pretty good trip.

One wonders if the Porters have discovered that the French customarily use alcoholic beverages in cooking? It's good stuff—legally made and lovingly aged; no lives lost in transporting it—but of course the Porters wouldn't be able to swallow a mouthful. The Porters really ought to take their own lunch when they go visiting in foreign countries. Hot dogs and, say, a couple of bottles of pop. Hold them good and high with the straws sticking out, while the rest were drinking champagne—how that would show up in the photographs!

International

DRY AND PROUD OF IT
Mayor and Mrs. John C. Porter of Los Angeles, California

▶▶*Our Double Standard*

By a vote of five to four the Supreme Court has denied American citizenship to two Canadians who refuse to promise to bear arms in the event of war. Squirming at the opinion of the majority, liberals will take heart on finding that Chief Justice Hughes sided with the dissenters, Justice Brandeis, Justice Stone and, of course, the incomparable Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is a welcome sign to see Mr. Hughes in such company. Amid the attacks of his appointment in 1930 to the Chief Justiceship, the claim was entered that Mr. Hughes on the bench would differ from Mr. Hughes at the bar. His opinion in the two citizenship cases fortunately tends to bear out that claim. Let us hope that he will continue to pitch his influence toward the left of a court which has gone and still goes much too far toward the right.

Unquestionably, the majority opinions in these two cases set a standard for prospective citizens which is not the standard for present citizens. Citizenship is denied Dr. Douglas Clyde Macintosh, a Canadian war chaplain now a professor of theology at Yale, because, as Justice Sutherland said, he would not "promise in advance to bear arms in defense of the United States unless he believed the war to be morally justified." Likewise, Miss Marie Averill Bland, a nurse with the American army in France, is barred because she refused to pledge herself to defend the laws of the land without the qualification "as far as my conscience as a Christian will allow," though she was willing to pledge war-time service as a nurse. The double standard is apparent to any one who

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will take the trouble to recall that no such oath is required of native-born citizens, that our conscientious objectors—Quakers, for example—are not forced to bear arms, and that in war nursing is the most severe service demanded of or even permitted to a woman.

The majority opinions lean heavily on the 1929 decision withholding citizenship from Rosika Schwimmer, Hungarian pacifist who refused to bear arms under any circumstances. Yet the most memorable phase of that case was the dissenting opinion of Justice Holmes who wrote: "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought, not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought that we hate." On this wisdom the Supreme Court turns its back. Hence we are now in the ridiculous position of requiring new citizens to pledge themselves to bear arms during war after we have persuaded the world to sign the Kellogg pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy.

▶▶*In Brief*

"THE OUTLOOK for peace is as good now as ever," says former Secretary of State Kellogg. Every bit as good as it was before the War . . . . Suitable subject for slow-motion picture: United States government official, after despairing study of federal deficit, strikes out in behalf of increased income taxes . . . . The Humanize Hoover campaign is going great. It has already inspired Senator Robinson to call Chief Humanizer Joslin "bedtime story secretary to the President." . . . . Apparently the country has fewer genuine worries than one had supposed. Here are a number of cities worrying lest they fail to be selected as the American terminal for a proposed transatlantic air mail service . . . . Very nice of Plymouth County, Massachusetts, to adopt an official seal, but is it quite sure that a pearl is the most appropriate symbol for the city of Brockton? . . . . It turns out that "Good Time Charlie" Dawson, who sent $5,000 to the poor of Chicago, was really the Chicago *Tribune,* which sent the money as a publicity stunt. This is the most brilliant bit of advertising the *Tribune* has done since it belittled Chicago's crime record a few days before one of its own reporters was murdered.

The Realist's Dilemma

THE MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE to which the Air Corps has lately been treating our great cities east of Chicago has had at least one noticeable result—it has thrown into relief the dilemma which confronts all Americans who want peace but who do not believe that total disarmament is yet practical. It is easy enough for a Bishop Manning to say, "The manœuvers of the Air Corps are no more an incitement to war than the police parade is an incitement to crime." Probably they aren't. But they are clear enough evidence that America still puts her faith in machine guns and not in peace pacts, to stir up all the pacifists from Chicago to Boston. And rightly enough. For certainly there is little to be said by any one for murder, wholesale or retail, whether by gas bombs or by sticking a bayonet in a stranger's belly. And to the Simon pure pacifist, war, like murder, is always indefensible. As one of the leading pacifist preachers puts it: "It is time for America to put behind her the temptation to trust in guns and to trust, while there is yet time, in those redeeming forces of international sympathy and coöperation which are the will of God. Faith in God is better than faith in guns."

The difficulty is that even to the liberal this doctrine of pure pacifism, undiluted, is a little too strong. From the standpoint of ethics, most liberals believe that peace can be purchased at too high a price, individually and collectively. If Russia, to be specific, were now strong enough for her International Revolution and attacked the United States, even most clergymen would applaud resistance and urge us on to victory. Individually, too, almost any American husband would shoot a burglar who attacked his wife. There are still some considerations left impelling enough to make the majority of men disregard the injunction "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

Viewing then the actual state of the world, even many liberals prefer to induce a little more international goodwill before they give up all arms. So they put their faith in such things as the Kellogg Pact, whereby America agrees to abandon war as an instrument of national policy and to seek the settlement of disputes by pacific means. Hoping that this will work, they are able to view with equanimity such things as battleships and air armadas. For such armament, they consider, is for use only in a war of defense, which the Pact allows.

It is at this point that the dilemma enters. For once the necessity for this adequate defense, or "security," is admitted, the militarist at once points out that the largest possible army and navy is the only real security—a policy which even a child can recognize as an exact duplicate of the European armament policy which led to the war of 1914. And there you are. For even in that war, as every school boy knows, the nation which attacked first claimed that she was fighting a defensive war and that she struck the first blow only to forestall attack. So much for the Kellogg Pact.

In this dilemma, what course is the hardheaded American who wants peace, but must have security, to pursue? On the one hand lies the manifest futility of any great dependence on such things as Kellogg Pacts and peace manifestos as recent history in Manchuria makes clear. On the other, lies the real danger that is inherent in any combination of the Big Stick with the Closed Mind. The OUTLOOK, for example, believes in peace as an ideal to be achieved. We believe in the World Court. As a partial substitution of discussion for misunderstanding, we believe in the League of Nations. But when it comes to Kellogg Pacts and a practical reliance on the international renunciation of all war, where can we discern any idealistic influence or community of material interest sufficient to make nations abandon their predatory habits? Where can we find sound ground on which to stand for total disarmament?

Faith in God is better than faith in guns. Strengthening all international means for peaceful settlement of disputes is better than tearing down international good-will by a policy of isolation and suspicion. Limitation of armaments is better than a competitive race. But beyond these things, in our opinion, mankind is not yet ready to go, save in certain favored circles of intelligent people. America, like all advanced nations, is the civilized man who still lives on the edge of the jungle. He must not forget his ideals. But he also must not forget his situation. He is not yet come in sight of peace on earth. He is only working toward it. If it be said that this is a compromise, the answer is that all

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agreements between men are compromise. The Christian church itself is a compromise with the pure doctrine of Christ. Only fools and saints can escape compromise. Nations, like the majority of men, are not yet willing to be either.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

VICE-PRESIDENT CURTIS is the most forlorn fellow at the Capital these days. Although I hear that he would like to cut loose from Mr. Hoover next year and seek his old seat in the Senate, believing that he is more certain of victory as a senatorial candidate, the President will not hear of such an idea. Mr. Hoover realizes that desertion of the national ticket by Mr. Curtis, if bruited about in advance, would be a sign to public and politicians that the presidential ship is sinking. Any step of this sort by the Vice-President would carry considerable significance for the reason that he dearly loves his present post, and he would not leave it unless it were necessary to remain in public life at all.

The Vice-President has had his troubles since he quit the floor for the rostrum, but they have been more than compensated for by the honor and glory and the dining-out that go with his office. Although 71 years old, he has taken keen delight in the social goings-on, and, if reëlected, he would be a greater figure than he has been in the past. He has won over all drawing-room antagonists, and he has seen his old enemy—Senator Henry J. Allen—retired to private life after a short and appointive term in the Senate. "Charley" was never more happy and healthy in so far as the present is concerned, but he is worried over the future. He knows no other career except public office, which he has occupied for twoscore years, and to follow Mr. Allen into obscurity would gall him.

Mr. Curtis contemplates a trip to Kansas next week to consult with local advisers. He wants to discover the cause of the communications from the folks back home during recent months. As if they had been inspired, these letters suggested that he owed it to his home State to reclaim the seat won by the Democrats in the anti-Hoover landslide last fall. They informed the Vice-President that Republican Kansas would go Democratic again if any one but himself were the senatorial candidate. This means, of course, that the national Republican ticket may face a difficult time, for, if Kansas is headed toward the Democratic column in the Senate contest, the Administration is more unpopular than is generally believed in similar Republican strongholds.

I do not know what Mr. Curtis will find on his tour of investigation, or what his decision will be, but I suspect he will come upon the trail of none other than Mr. Allen. The latter gentleman would

Vice-President Curtis loves to dance—but is the music going to stop?

like to return to the Senate himself, or to make the effort, but he cannot announce his candidacy until Mr. Curtis has been removed as a possible primary opponent. So Mr. Allen, I understand, has been making private and public speeches urging that the Vice-President say what he plans to do. The sooner, the better, in Mr. Allen's opinion, and it appears that his scheme has succeeded. In any event, he has given his former foe a lot to worry about. By the same token, he has caused President Hoover some uneasy moments, and I would not be surprised if the recent conference at the White House of Messrs. Hoover, Curtis, Allen and Gov. Clyde Reed of Kansas were designed to clear up an exceedingly awkward situation.

It is unfortunate for the Administration that Mr. Curtis and Mr. Allen, by their loquacity, have permitted these difficulties to become known. The former, I hear, has been quite frank in telling his troubles to certain friends, while Mr. Allen has virtually hired a hall to ventilate his views. It will require all the tact Mr. Hoover possesses to emerge from the underbrush of Kansas politics his good friends have allowed to grow up about the White House.

Mr. Allen, for some strange reason, is highly regarded by Mr. Hoover, and the President would undoubtedly like to see him in the Senate again. The former newspaper publisher was a devoted follower of the Administration, and was one of the organizers of the "Young Guard"—a group of senatorial newcomers impatient at the failure of the elder Republican members to support the President right or wrong. To many of his colleagues, as well as neutral observers, he seemed to be peculiarly unfitted for the rôle of Administration leader or liaison man. He was, more often than not, inept and inexperienced in the field of politics and diplomacy. He made enemies rather than friends for the President among politicians and correspondents, and nobody mourned his passing except President Hoover. The Vice-President, I am told, got quite a bit of enjoyment out of Henry's discomfiture. He would undoubtedly get keen pleasure if it turned out that, by running for the Senate, he could again thwart Mr. Allen's ambitions.

Though Mr. Hoover's friends would like to have Dwight W. Morrow as his running mate, the President knows that he must look to the West next year for his majority in the electoral college. With wheat bringing the farmer only 40 cents a bushel, it will not be easy to convince rural constituencies of the Administration's success in benefiting agriculture. It will take more than the speeches which the National Republican Committee's representatives are now delivering beyond the Mississippi, especially as a counter-campaign will be made by those erstwhile Hoover men—Senators Borah and Brookhart. It may, conceivably, take more than the renomination of "Call me Charley" Curtis. Most certainly the substitution of an Easterner or a man from the Middle or southwest for a wheat-belt statesman will not help. Mr. Hoover, with respect to Mr. Curtis, is in the dilemma of a man who has a bear by the tail.

A. F. C.

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Silver Shackles

By L. B. N. GNAEDINGER

INTERNATIONAL bankers modified a painfully reached debt agreement with Mexico by permitting the payment of gold at New York to be deferred for two years.

Having undertaken to buy an electric power plant at Shanghai for $50,600,000, an American company found it possible to complete the purchase for about $30,000,000 without departing from the terms of the contract.

The management of one of the oldest silver mines on this continent offered its property to its employees.

Bridal silver sold at the lowest prices in years.

These facts mean that silver has declined in value to the lowest point reached in its long and brilliant history. This metal, said by the alchemists to have an affinity for the moon, in recent months has depreciated to a level which made the silver dollar worth 26 cents. Yet it was the discovery of the Larium silver mines that enabled ancient Greece simultaneously to wage war and ennoble Athens with magnificent public works at a period when, lacking the invention of the municipal bond, the city-state should have been bankrupt. A pound of silver became the unit of Britain's medium of exchange after the Roman invasion and an abbreviation (£) for the Latin *libra* or pound is still the symbol for British currency. It will be remembered that Our Lord was betrayed for thirty pieces of silver. Even that comparatively modern document, the Constitution of the United States, provides that "no State shall make anything but gold *or silver* a tender in payment of debts."

Today, gold is supreme as the foundation of monetary systems while silver plays a minor rôle as a measure of wealth and in most civilized countries is treated as a commodity. Like all commodities, it had its share of war and post-war inflation, notably in 1919, when it sold for $1.38 an ounce—a price that, perhaps for the first time, made half-dollars, quarters and dimes worth their face value and the silver dollar worth 109 cents. Now silver is in the depths with wheat, cotton, copper, coffee, sugar, silk, petroleum and rubber.

Deflation in commodities generally has affected countries or groups of countries; about one-half the world's population is concerned in the drop in silver. Too-cheap silver is no novelty in the United States. The metal may be said to have assumed a permanently tragic rôle in this country in 1873, when the act of 1792, providing for its free coinage, was rescinded. Known as "the Crime of '73," this action went unnoticed at the time because silver was then worth more in its natural state than when coined into dollars. In fact, only about $8,000,000 in silver dollars had been minted before 1873.

However, silver producers were insured a governmental market for their product by the Bland bill of 1876 and the silver bill of 1890, both measures providing for the purchase of silver by the Treasury and the circulation of currency issued against them. In 1896 William J. Bryan would have restored the free coinage of silver, on a basis of sixteen parts of silver to one of gold, but he failed and in 1900 the United States formally adopted the gold standard. Efforts calculated to help silver producers continued and, as recently as the War, an act sponsored by Senator Pittman provided for the melting of silver coins and their export to India and the replacement of these coins with silver bought at $1 an ounce.

So used has the public become to measures to aid silver producers that, when Utah mines presented a cube of 600 ounces of the metal to provide a base for the golden cup America presented to Sir Thomas Lipton, some sour observers remarked that the gift at least served to remove some surplus of silver from the market.

The present world situation not only cuts the revenues of our silver companies but reduces the buying power of foreign buyers of our goods. The silver-producing countries south of the Rio Grande suffer more than the United States, with its diversified industries. In the case of Mexico, the decline in the silver peso made inadequate the funds set aside for foreign debt payments and, in consequence, the government arranged to meet these obligations for a stated period by depositing silver in a Mexico City bank instead of using it to buy gold for deposit in a New York bank. The Santa Maria de la Paz Mining Company, about the third largest in Mexico, offered its business to its employees, but there is no word of their having accepted the bargain.

It is in Asia, however, where the forces impelling silver into the pit chiefly originated, that its degringolade has had its most serious effects. Currency deflation in India is the main cause of the silver crisis. During the War, Great Britain poured enormous quantities of silver into that country to pay for supplies and for the wages of Indian soldiers. Through operation of the Pittman act, the United States provided 200,000,000 ounces of the silver thus sent to India. After the War there was an excess of the metal in India and the government melted and sold a portion of it, estimated at 82,500,000 ounces. This was sufficient to undermine the silver markets and, to add more unsettlement, Indo-China went on a gold basis at about the same time and in consequence released an amount of silver estimated at 50,000,000 ounces.

It is sometimes said that India's contribution to the decline in silver came

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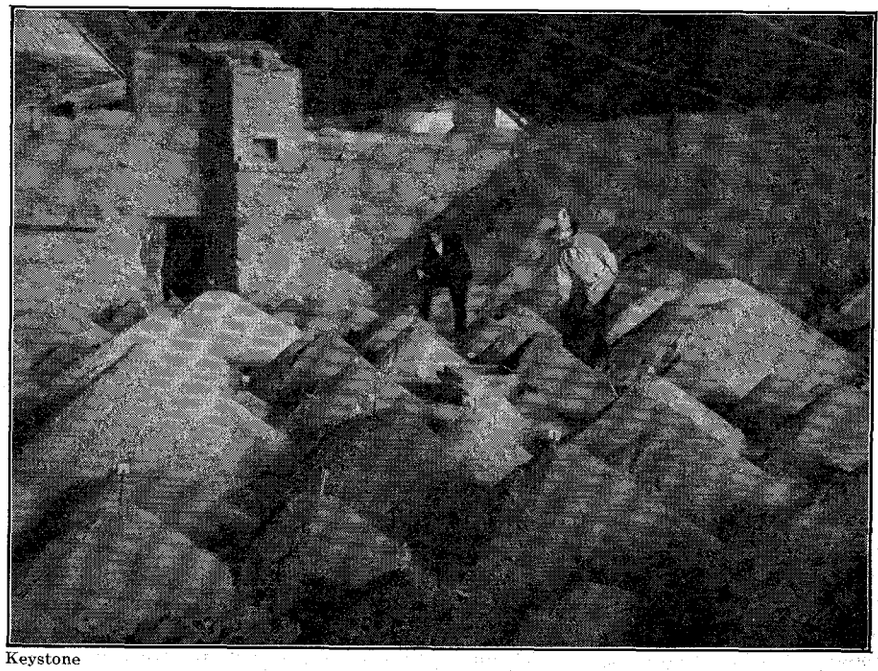

Keystone

TOO MUCH SILVER

$100,000 worth—graded in piles at a Mexican mill

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▶▶ Colleges for Crooks ◀◀

By JACK CALLAHAN

THE sentimentalists of the new criminology argue that crimes of violence are common today primarily because crooks are driven to desperation at the prospect of long prison terms. In other words crooks who kill to avoid arrest would not kill if the penalties for being caught were less severe. I'm laughing! These gentlemen of the new criminology would have us believe that punishment does not deter, that it brutalizes, that crooks are sick men in need of treatment and that you can never combat crime until you turn the fancy thinkers over to the neurologist, the psychiatrist and the vocational training experts.

This contention that the crook would not kill if the penalties were less severe is quite absurd to an old crook (like myself). It implies that the crook is a thinking, imaginative individual who weighs his chances of success and failure before staging a job. I can assure you that he does no such thing. If he did he wouldn't be a crook. If he ever started thinking he would immediately stop crooking. A moment of serious meditation would convince any crook that he's playing a game in which the cards are stacked against him.

I believe—and my opinion is based on seventeen years of crooking—that the new criminology with its fantastic theories is largely responsible for crime conditions in this country today. The crook has had entirely too much sympathy. There has been entirely too much mollycoddling and too much of that old stuff about the poor fellow never having had a chance. The pendulum has swung from the welfare of society to the welfare of the underworld. Pseudo penologists and criminologists have gone mad on mollycoddling criminals with the result that no crook fears either our prisons or our courts. I do not exaggerate. Look at the records of some of your notorious criminals. Jack ("Legs") Diamond was arrested twenty-three times in sixteen years with but one conviction, a term in the reformatory. Or, look at my own case: arrested eleven times in seventeen years and served but two terms—a two-year "stretch" and six months of a sixteen-year term. "Dutch" Anderson was arrested seven times in twelve years and served but two terms.

How did we do it? Sharpshooting lawyers, crooked politicians and soft-hearted men and women who viewed us as poor boys who never had a chance when we were juveniles!

The crook gets all the breaks in the courts today. He has been getting them for the last fifteen years. Let me enumerate a few of them. First, the rule which compels the presiding judge, on request of counsel, to charge the jury that the defendant's failure to testify in his own behalf shall not be taken as evidence of his guilt. If a crook does not testify in his own behalf it should be taken as evidence of his guilt. No innocent man ever refuses an opportunity to tell his story; guilty crooks always refuse. Then there's the rule which prohibits the District Attorney from introducing the crook's record if he does not take the stand or produce character witnesses. Why shouldn't a crook's record be submitted to the jury?

"Singing jailbirds never think"

The most pernicious rule of all is that which gives notorious crooks the right to liberty under bail. Countless murders and hold-ups have been committed by crooks while at liberty under bail. Witnesses have been intimidated and murdered by crooks at liberty under bail. Jack ("Legs") Diamond has "beaten" five murder "raps" within the last seven years. I know a dozen gunmen who have "beaten" murder "raps" after they were released on bail. You can reduce your crime bill and send more crooks to prison if you will abolish this business of giving bail to notorious criminals!

Next, no crook, first offender or tenth offender, should be given a determinate sentence for any sort of crime. Your method of sentencing crooks is a joke. You condemn him for a certain number of years and then, when he's released, you forget him. He's free to plunder and kill until your police catch him again. What a system! Ten million policemen couldn't prevent crime waves under such a system.

There would be no fourth offenders in a society whose protective system functioned efficiently. In such a society the careers of juveniles would be halted at the doors of the reformatories. In such a society the first offender would receive a "from-one-year-to-life" term. Vocational training experts would teach him a trade. There would be no liberty for him until he mastered the trade. Even then his release would be conditional. The life term would hang over him until he made good. The state would provide him with employment. The police would be notified of his release and asked for a weekly report on him. His employer would be asked for a weekly report on his charge. Then if he went back to crime, went back knowing that the life term still confronted him, in my opinion he would give evidence of habitual criminal tendencies and should be isolated for life. Why wait until he develops into a "Two-Gun" Crowley, a Gerald Chapman, a Dutch Anderson, a Jimmy Nannery, a "Bum" Rodgers or an "Ice Wagon" Crowley? Why pet and pamper a parasite? If some mollycoddler tells me that juveniles shouldn't be treated so harshly I reply that the soft, round-faced juvenile of today is the killer and bandit of tomorrow. Take my history as a juvenile offender as an example:

When I first began to get my share of this world's goods by my wits, I frequently fell into the hands, and occasionally into the arms, of men and women who petted me. These sentimentalists said a boy at my age should not be punished. I was a first offender. I had never had a chance. I was a victim of my environment. I was not responsible for my transgressions against society; society was responsible. So I didn't go to prison. I was released to carry on my depredations until I became a bank burglar. I committed twenty-seven crimes before I was eighteen, and then I was haled into court as a "first offender" and shipped to a reform school.

I have indelible recollections of my

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first "big house" term ten years later. The warden, a kindly gentleman, greeted me cordially and then turned me over to the President of the Mutual Welfare League, "Skinny" Freeman, an ex-porch-climber. "Skinny" gave me the "lowdown" on the prison. Everybody was having a lovely time. The League ran the prison. Harmony, law and order was its slogan. It taught the "cons" the fundamentals of self-government, so that when they went out into the world they would mend their ways. A crazy theory! Why should a gang of weaklings who already have demonstrated their inability to govern themselves be clothed with authority to govern other weaklings?

Well, while I am donning the togs of the new criminology, a gray suit, a gray cap and a blue shirt, the President of the Welfare League asked me if I would like to join the "bucket brigade." He opened a little red book.

"What's the bucket brigade?" I asked him.

"Oh," he said, "all the money guys belong to the bucket brigade. It costs seventy-five bucks a month to belong to it. Three times a day we deliver a bucket of swell chuck to your cell. You eat what the officers eat."

"Fine!" and I handed him seventy-five dollars, "put me on the bucket brigade."

"Now," he went on, scanning the little red book, "I don't suppose that you will want to work on the brick yard while you're here, will you, Kid?"

"No, sir!" I said, "I don't like brick yards."

"Okay," he said, still scanning the little red book. "You won't have to work on the brick yard or in the foundry. I have a couple of political jobs open. I have one in the shirt factory counting shirts which will take up two hours of your time every day and I have one in the shoe factory counting shoes. You can have either one of these jobs for seventy-five bucks a month."

"I'll take the shirt factory job," I said, and handed him seventy-five dollars.

Thus, for a hundred and fifty a month, I became a member of the "bucket brigade" and a holder of a "political job." When I finished my two hours work every day I played faro bank and craps, alternating now and then with a handball game or a baseball game. I never did a lick of laborious toil. There was absolutely nothing in the life of the institution calculated to make me regret my past transgressions against society or deter me from future transgressions. And yet this prison was rated a model prison! It was—from the convict's point of view. The boys had handball games, baseball games, newspapers, cigars, cigarettes, band concerts, moving pictures and, occasionally, a little bottle of liquor. If you think that a term in a prison of this sort will make an underworld buzzard reflect and repent you had better wake up!

Now I visualize a prison in which convicts reflect and repent. I see a man of the highest character in the warden's job, a man like Richard Patterson, the present Commissioner of Correction in New York City. He is strong, resolute, just, intelligent; the sort of man who can command the respect as well as the obedience of his charges. He has none of that "do-good-for-evil" stuff in his system and neither is he brutal. He views every prisoner as an individual in need of discipline. He understands that if the prisoner isn't disciplined he will always be a prisoner. He knows that singing jail birds never think. Therefore, he discourages singing and encourages thinking by the simple process of substituting hard labor for entertainment. He will have no mutual welfare leagues in his prisons, no baseball games, moving pictures, band concerts or special privileges for rich burglars. All convicts look alike to this wise warden.

Furthermore, he will blacklist radios, food from the outside, cigars and cigarettes. He will dispense with all luxuries simply because he believes that a prison with luxuries is not a very good prison. It isn't! He will not permit rich convicts to wear their own shoes, shirts, underwear, neckties, socks and suspenders, because the penniless convicts who can't afford these things envy the boys who can afford them. In a word, the wise warden strives to make the prison experience of his charges unforgettable, because he knows that the prisoner who can forget his prison experience hasn't been disciplined and will go right out into the world beyond the walls and commit another crime.

I can hear the men and women of the new criminology ridiculing my ideas that were born of experience and nurtured by many years of serious meditation. I know full well that ridicule is the reward of the man who attacks a popular creed.

"For $75 a month I can give you an easy job two hours a day counting shirts in the shirt factory, and you can spend the rest of the time shooting craps"

My reply to the time-honored fallacy that punishment does not deter is that I have been deterred by punishment. Further, I ask the sentimentalists to produce one reform school or prison in the United States wherein crooks are punished—and need I add that twenty-one years of the new criminology with its Golden Rule system of prison management has left us with more crime than we've ever known before? Need I add that after twenty-one years of the new criminology with its fantastic theories on prison management we have had a series of savage rebellions in the prisons of New York, Ohio, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri and Illinois which resulted in the death of 327 convicts, six keepers and the destruction by fire of prison property valued at five million dollars? Will punishment degrade men

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▸▸ Royal Intrigue in Roumania ◂◂

Part VIII—Carol Stumbling Toward Disaster

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

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King Carol sits upon a volcano; around him grow the seeds of a new war—as Mr. Bercovici points out in this last installment of "Royal Intrigue in Roumania"; Carol vacillates. At times he is the lion, the despot, the dictator; then he is the philanderer, the erring child of uncertainty, the wandering bad boy of Roumania —King only in a half-determined way, and for how long?

•

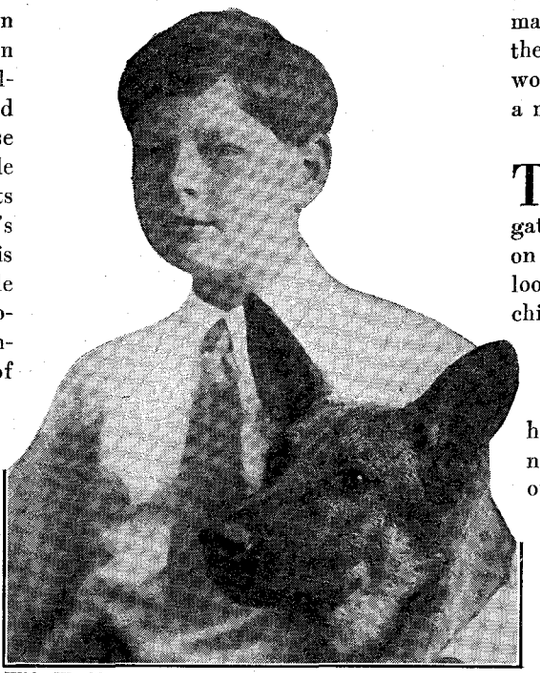
I HAVE just come back from Roumania, my country of birth. While there I have listened to princes and peasants, to merchants and workingmen, to diplomatists, military men and financiers. They spoke of war and revolution with that unmistakable accent born of more than mere premonition.

I have seen people starving in the cities while the granaries groaned with wheat and corn. I have looked into the pitiful eyes of the villagers and peasants who dread the coming of winter. The looms are gone. They were destroyed during and after the War. No one knows how to twist the spindle any more, to roll yarn, to make cloth. The factories in towns have replaced the old home industries and the people are half naked. The peasants will herd into their mud brick homes and huddle together against the cold after they have used the grain for fuel. But what about the people in villages and towns? What about the million unpaid government employees and the hungry army? What care these starvelings whether the King has made up with the Queen or not? The peasants are not concerned with their King's amorous escapades! All they know is that they have labored as few people have ever labored, that they have produced huge crops which lie unsold, unwanted, like so many grains of sand of the seashore.

They have been told for two years that their condition was bad because the thieving Bratianu government had been too long in power. They were told that things would change for the better under the new government. They believed and agreed to support "The Peasant Party" which had the same right to call itself by that name as had the Bratianus to call themselves "The Liberal Party."

Under the new government the price of wheat plunged lower but the taxes grew heavier. The land that had been given to the peasants ten years ago was being bought back by the "Indian-givers," the *boyars* and politicians. A few months ago these same peasants were told to rejoice over King Carol's return; told that they were in a bitter plight because they had no King to speak of; that a large country like theirs could not be ruled by a little boy and a regency composed of one young inebriate and two slow old owls. The peasants believed again. Dumb, credulous, slow-moving, it was easier for them, more hopeful, to believe than not to believe.

Russia has already served notice of her intended invasion of Bessarabia.



Wide World

King once, he may never be King again if the intrigues against his father and the Roumanian Hohenzollerns are successful

France will have to come to Roumania's assistance if such a thing happens, or Roumania will ally itself with France's enemies—Italy, Austria, Hungary and perhaps Germany. Those at the head of the Roumanian government cannot be expected to do their utmost to avoid such a war if they can hope to stave off their fall thereby. As long as they hold on to power in war or peace the wealth of the politicians increases miraculously fast, while the people groan, famish or die.

The Liberal Party and the Peasant Party have left the coffers of the treasury empty, yet the officials of these parties were not empty-handed when they dropped the reins of government. Roumania has been governed by two alternating sets of thieves. No secretary of finance has ever been able to give a clean account of all the money that has passed through his hands. No new secretary of finance has ever made any strenuous effort to demand such an accounting—and for good reason.

In this hardheaded industrial civilization, the captaincy of a country belongs to the one best fitted for his office. No one inherits the right to the helm of a ship. Inheritance of the right to rule is no longer believed to be divine unless one inherits the qualities necessary to make a ruler. What Roumania needs is an administrator, an organizer of the highest order, to save it from ruin and anarchy. That poor country needs a man intelligent enough to keep under the ashes the spark that might set the world on fire again. Is King Carol such a man?

THOSE slow-moving, slow-witted peasants of my Roumania! When they gather like sheep around a flute player on the village green their deep blue eyes look out into the world like those of children. But I have seen them become wolves. Old King Carol hated the Roumanians, except those who had studied in Germany and could speak his language. To his dying day he never uttered a word of Roumanian outside the unintelligible message of the throne which he read yearly in Parliament. Things have changed somewhat since. The official language of the court is now English, and sometimes French, but the same disregard for the natives still rules. The language of the country is never spoken in official circles. King Carol, the second, though born in Roumania, speaks its language haltingly, like a foreigner, and the former prime minister, Maniu, spoke it as if just learned from a book.

While I was in Roumania recently, there gathered about me one day the flower of Roumanian aristocracy and statesmanship. Only one of them, Prince Bibesco, could speak his native tongue. The others spoke French and English. I insisted on talking Roumanian to them. They answered in French. There were five princes, scions of former ruling families, and not more than one could speak his native tongue properly. Even George Bratianu, the son of Jonel, who

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Underwood

King in glory if not in wisdom

was then slated to become the leader of the Liberal Party, preferred to talk English and spoke French more fluently than Roumanian.

"Good God!" I cried out. "Suppose you suddenly had to talk from your balconies to the people below. A revolution is not an impossibility. What language would you talk to them?"

Back of the unrest and financial ruin of the country lies the fact that Roumania has been ruled by princes and kings who considered the people as sheep. They hated the language of the people as the shearers hate the bleating of the sheep between their knees. Roumania and its tremendous resources are the excuse for loans, alliances, graft and murders.

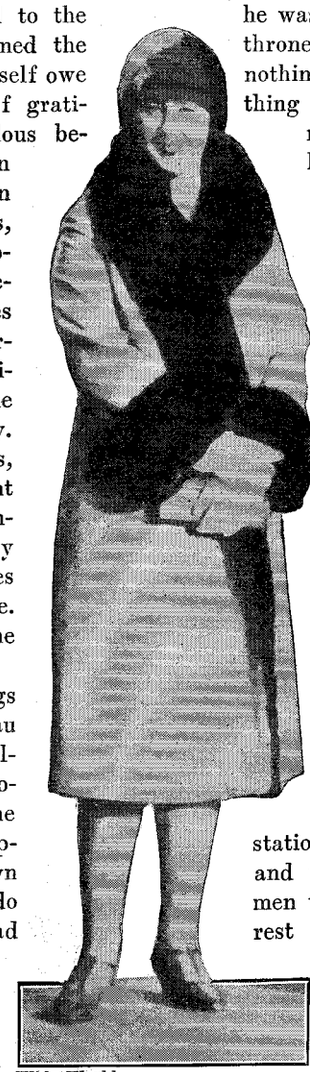
How much longer can this go on? Hungary awaits "der Tag" to take back its lost provinces. Russia raises her paw menacingly over Bessarabia. And though one of dowager Queen Marie's daughters is Queen of Jugoslavia, her husband's subjects are also on the lookout for a chance to broaden their territories. It is yet to be seen on whose side the Jugoslavs would fight. And meanwhile the press of the world is fed with stories of Carol's "sentimental wanderings" and photographs of Queen Marie in national costume, of King Carol in flannels and of little Michael in his first long trousers.

When the Hohenzollern throne crumbles and falls into desuetude Queen Marie of Roumania will be entitled to the glory of having hastened the process. People like myself owe her Majesty a debt of gratitude. By her scandalous behavior, by her stories in the American press when she visited these shores, by her blatant cheapness, by her endorsement of toilet articles and by greengrocer mercantilism, she has divested the throne of the last vestiges of dignity. Unwittingly she was, and is, the most efficient Republican propagandist. Her ridiculous play acting could laugh the thrones of the world out of existence. Revolutions cannot do what she has done so well.

Carol tried to straighten things out at home. His press bureau attempted to assuage the feelings and the sentiments of Europeans and Americans about the cruelty with which he was supposed to have treated his own wife. It was hard work to undo Marie's mischief. She had painted his picture with definite strokes. The mind of the world could not be so easily reversed. Whatever he did and said was caricatured. Queen Helen had been trumpeted into a martyr. She has never loved Carol. Carol has repeatedly told the world that he has never loved her. As far as their intimate relations were concerned, they were both happier apart than together. He was the father of her child. She had been the victim of political manipulations which had married her to a man physically and spiritually incompatible with her. Now Carol had come back to Bucharest, sat himself down on the throne, given her the title of Queen and insisted that she appear with him at official functions. When she refused he threatened to take the child away from her. He was King. The former King of Greece, married to one of Carol's sisters, has been living in the Roumanian King's castles ever since he was driven from his own throne. Helen had, therefore, nothing to gain and everything to lose if she antagonized her profligate husband.

Underwood

Princess Helen, who steadfastly refuses to be a queen



Wide World

Mme. Lupescu, always faithful to her employers

"You have sided with my enemies," he wrote to her. "When I was exiled you should have joined me when I asked you to. The place of a wife is beside her husband."

And then suddenly Queen Marie returned home, as chipper and buoyant as ever, and Carol and Prince Nicholas, Princess Ileana and Queen Helen, with little Michael at her hand, appeared to greet the Dowager Queen at the railroad station. The photographers and the news reel camera men were there too. Bucharest divided itself. Some were happy that Carol had made up with his mother, that there would be peace henceforth in the royal household. Others said that the Queen would soon show her hand; that she would immediately begin to intrigue, and that she would demand an accounting from Carol for having driven off her favorite, Prince Shtirbey, and her friend the banker. But Marie did nothing of the kind. If she did reproach her son with his actions she did it softly, merely pointing out to him that in driving out Shtirbey he had stigmatized his mother.

Carol stood his ground. Queen Marie demanded that Carol reconsider Prince Shtirbey's exile, but did not insist too forcibly. She showed so much humility that Carol was emboldened to tell her that she must keep her peace henceforth. After a few days at the palace, the Dowager Queen left as suddenly as

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she had come and announced that she was going to one of her castles on the Black Sea, at Mamaia, to rest from her strenuous voyages and to meditate.

King Carol marvelled at the quick submission of his mother. He had been trained to fear her. Whenever he had gone contrary to her wishes she had bested him. He had steeled himself against her. Her humbleness humiliated him. She had disappointed him. Was that the woman he had feared so much? Was that the woman whose iron hand had made him reel back every time he had met her? Was she growing old? How was it that she had not stood up more vigorously for Prince Shtirbey? Had her faith in the "Grey Eminence" faded, or had she dismissed Shtirbey because he had not prevented Carol's return? She had not even mentioned the other man! And then the secret leaked out. Queen Marie had gone to Mamaia with a new friend, a young officer. Bucharest was laughing up its sleeve at the gay old Queen. Furious, Carol ordered that young officer to the other end of the country to some obscure little garrison town.

The fifty-seven-year-old grandmother burst through the palace gates. Disregarding the King's advisers, she launched forth into the most furious accusations against Carol. She wept. She tore her hair. She pounded the table with her fists. She told him that he was an unnatural, unfeeling wretch. She demanded back her officer. Taken unawares, Carol pleaded first, then he threatened to have her put behind the walls of a nunnery. The Dowager Queen did not desist. She raised her voice. She refused to leave the room. Finally, Carol, exhausted, shrugged his shoulders. He recognized his mother's great need for companionship and signed an order that made the Queen happy again.

The Queen still has some friends in Bucharest, hidden friends, who believe that her power has not waned forever. A few days after Queen Marie had returned to Mamaia, a whispering campaign spread the news in Bucharest, over the whole of Roumania, and the rest of the world, that the Roumanians were indeed being ruled by a woman, and by a Jewish woman at that. It was said that Magda Lupescu, the red-headed daughter of the junk peddler, was living in the King's palace.

"The reason Helen refuses to appear publicly with her husband is that she refuses to share him with his Jewish paramour."

Within a few days this rumor was accepted as a certainty. The anti-Semitic press hinted at it. The anti-Jewish propagandists, always friendly to Marie, began to repeat the rumors and give details. Madame Lupescu was seen here, there and everywhere. They had seen her head at the windows of the palace. Their own eyes had seen her father visiting the palace. The Lupescus had received heavy bags of gold from the palace. The whole wealth of the country was being transferred to that Jewish family. In anti-Semitic clubs it was said that Magda Lupescu was playing out the rôle of Esther in the first part of the Biblical story; that the Jews of the world had intrigued her into Carol's graces so that they might rule Roumania; that unless something was done Carol would crown the Jewess as their Queen. On the strength of these rumors, pogroms against Jews were being organized everywhere. Carol ordered these pogroms suppressed with all the means at the disposal of the government. But the mayors and military commanders of the towns advised caution, lest a general conflagration should follow. When a group of representative Jews visited the Secretary of State and asked protection for their co-religionists, that gentleman answered that the gendarmerie had not been paid for months.

"Pay the gendarmes and I will send them to the rescue of your friends," he said.

Carol did not know what to do to suppress the rumor of Madame Lupescu's return to Roumania. And then some one had a bright idea. Magda Lupescu, who had been living quietly in Paris, was prevailed upon to appear every day, at four-thirty in the afternoon, at one of the most popular tea rooms in Paris. She was asked to sit for half an hour at one of the most conspicuous tables in the place, so that every one should see her and know that she was in Paris and not with the King in the palace. Some said she did it out of friendship for the King. Others maintained that she agreed to expose herself in public to save the Jews of her country.

On the dot of the hour, her limousine, driven by a liveried chauffeur, appeared in front of the celebrated tea room at the Place Vendome, and the tall, red-headed woman, with well-rounded figure, walked jauntily up the few steps. Throwing her ample rich furs about her, she sat down at the table reserved for her. A few minutes later, reporters, photographers, detectives and statesmen came to assure themselves that she was really there. The happy news was broadcast to Roumania, to the world. The Queen's friends were checkmated. The anti-Jewish riots stopped—for a while.

But another one of Carol's former lady friends, an actress, did not intend to let Magda Lupescu get so much publicity and have the stage all to herself. Idlers and visitors frequented that tea room. A few days later this second young lady reserved a table as conspicuous as that of the red-headed woman, and appeared a few moments after Madame Lupescu had come in. Lupescu was furious. The other lady was beaming. A few days later, a third lady, known to have been Carol's latest friend, also reserved a table at the same tea room.

When a fourth lady appeared, Paris began to laugh. And then a wit, a clever stage man, a friend of one of the three young ladies who had followed Madame Lupescu, told the actress that she was losing a golden opportunity.

"You are one of four now. If you suddenly stop coming your absence will be even more conspicuous than your presence. Then the news wires of the world would hum."

One after another, the three young ladies disappeared. Madame Lupescu continued to live up to her agreement. Lunching recently at a Russian restaurant close by the Paris stock exchange, I saw Madame Lupescu appear in the company of a tall, middle-aged gentleman. I looked at her closely. We nodded to one another. Turning to my companion, I remarked, "I really don't see what there is about her to have made her so attractive to King Carol."

"My dear, she is the most faithful and loyal person on earth. When she undertook to capture Prince Carol's attention and report to the Queen everything she saw and heard, she did so even after

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This Week's Contributors

L. B. N. Gnaedinger is a member of the financial news staff of The New York *Times* and a frequent contributor to the magazines on business and economic subjects.

Jack Callahan is the pen name of a writer who has had much experience both inside and outside prisons. Once a prisoner, he has since then held high executive posts in industry.

W. O. Scroggs, once a member of the editorial staff of the now dead New York *World*, is now Director of Information for the Council on Foreign Relations.

Konrad Bercovici's serial on Roumania has attracted widespread attention as an authoritative statement of the troubles of his native land. Publication in book form by Brewer & Warren & Putnam (under the title *That Royal Lover*) was widely commented upon by the daily newspapers.

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▶▶ Business Faces the Music ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE Wall Street blues registered a "new deep" (last week) when Steel common broke below par. Pessimism became more pronounced than at any time since the stock market crash in 1929. But grimness of spirit has not been confined to the vicinity of the stock market. A great change has taken place in recent weeks in general business psychology. This was much in evidence at the recent convention of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States in Atlantic City. There has been some criticism of the proceedings of that gathering because of the dearth of constructive suggestions from those who are supposed to give the country's business men their cue. Some of the speakers have been referred to in rather slighting terms because they failed to bring forward any plan this year for a great economic revival. The leading lights of the Chamber, we are told, seemed to be tired, nerve-racked, devoid of ideas and disposed to cover up their lack of courage and clear thinking by resorting to platitudes and side-stepping those questions in which the rank and file of the members were most interested.

If this is a fair picture, how different it is from that of the meeting a year ago! At that time President Hoover said to the Chamber, and through it to the country, "I am convinced that we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover." Some weeks earlier, on March 8, 1930, the President had issued a statement on the business situation in which he said, "All the evidences indicate that the worse effects of the crash upon employment will have passed in the next sixty days, with the amelioration of seasonal unemployment, the gaining strength of other forces and the continued coöperation of the many other agencies actively coöperating with the government to restore business and to relieve distress."

When the President spoke to the Chamber of Commerce in May, 1930, the sixty-day limit he had set for the period of depression had just expired, and so in announcing that the worst was over he was merely registering his faith in his previous forecast. It would be ungracious to cite this merely to show that Presidents are poor prophets. For that matter, aren't we all? The Chief Executive's sentiments at that time reflected the views of the business leaders with whom he was in close consultation, and it is interesting to quote them because of their great contrast with the views now prevailing, twelve months later.

When the upturn predicted for the spring of 1930 failed to develop, most of the forecasters shifted the date to the autumn. When this also proved wrong the time was moved forward to the spring of 1931. And now that the spring of 1931 has likewise played them false, and even in greater degree, it is not surprising that prudence supplanted the former cheerio talk when the hosts of business men recently foregathered in Atlantic City. Mr. Hoover this year steered clear of prophecy, and at the meeting of the International Chamber at Washington, which came immediately after the national meeting, he confined his remarks to the safer topic of disarmament.

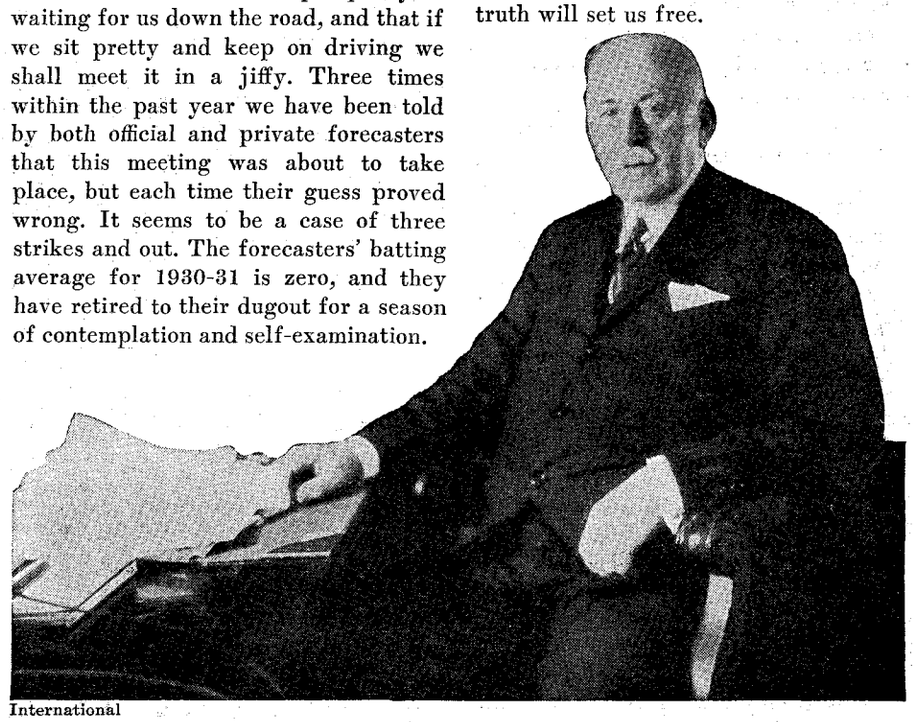
Secretary Lamont, who was the Administration's spokesman at Atlantic City, also showed his ability to profit by experience. In the spring of 1930 he had been trying to explain away unemployment. He then assured the country that in thirty-six of the states the amount of unemployment was not above normal for the season, and that business in most lines was already back to normal. But this year he admitted that there is deep and world-wide depression, possibly the worst in our history. He presented no remedy, and he carefully refrained from predicting how or when the troubles would end.

In short, the folk who are expected to know most about such things have ceased to assure us that prosperity is waiting for us down the road, and that if we sit pretty and keep on driving we shall meet it in a jiffy. Three times within the past year we have been told by both official and private forecasters that this meeting was about to take place, but each time their guess proved wrong. It seems to be a case of three strikes and out. The forecasters' batting average for 1930-31 is zero, and they have retired to their dugout for a season of contemplation and self-examination.

On the whole, this unwonted silence in their environs is a good sign. Less talk may indicate deeper thought. For this reason the criticism of the spokesmen of the Chamber of Commerce for their failure to thunder at their recent meeting does not appear to be well founded. They probably had nothing to thunder about, and the really significant thing is that they now know it; that they are fully aware of the gravity of the business recession; and that they know that they cannot remedy the condition by trying to explain it away or by urging people to hold fast to the proper thought.

Superficially, this may give a gloomy tinge to the utterances of the country's business leaders, and while it may disappoint the hopes of some and arouse misgivings in others who have not become "fed up" with Pollyanna talk, it is none the less a change for the better. It may not cheer a patient to hear that his ailment is serious, but when he receives such information he will take precautions and follow advice which he would not heed if he were being constantly told that his troubles were trivial and his recovery merely a matter of a few days.

So the grimness in evidence at Atlantic City and the blueness more recently evident in Wall Street may really indicate an improvement in business psychology. It most assuredly does if it means the passing of the false optimism of 1930 and the ascendancy of intelligence over the emotions. When we know the truth and are ready to face it, the truth will set us free.



International

STEEL REALIST

Strong for keeping up wages, President James A. Farrell of the United States Steel Corporation says the worst of the depression is over

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▶▶ The Week in Business ◀◀

By FRANK A. FALL

▶▶Track Slow

RAILBIRDS watching the workouts at Business Park report the going still heavy because of continued rains. Retail Trade and one or two other mudlarks show slight improvement, but the trainers for the other stables do not expect to give the clockers much excitement until the track has been dried out by several days of clear, sunny weather.

Commodity prices continue to soften, with copper reaching a new low at 8¾ cents a pound. Car loadings have also registered a new low for the present depression. Steel production shows a decline to 44 per cent of capacity, which is 30 per cent under the rate of a year ago.

On the credit side of the ledger we have, in addition to improved retail trade (due largely to better weather conditions in many markets), an increase of 7.9 per cent in bank clearings and a slight reduction in business failures. The reduced daily average gross production of petroleum should, of course, be interpreted as a favorable factor in the general business situation.

The Middle Western states appear to be a shade more cheerful than any other section of the country. This is due partly to increases in employment, partly to good crop prospects, and doubtless partly to the fact that these states have a great many citizens who are content to concentrate on their industrial or agricultural activities and not spend any considerable amount of time hovering over the stock ticker. Really, that isn't such a bad idea.

▶▶Copper Must Do Something

EVIDENTLY the agreement made last November by the world's leading copper producers, under which output was to be curtailed 15 per cent, was not enough. Production in North and South America last November totaled 112,646 tons. The output for April was 100,501 tons, which shows a reduction of only 11 per cent in five months.

The industry is, of course, suffering from a reaction from the long period during which the price of copper was artificially held at unreasonably high levels. That, however, is water passed over the dam, and time spent in harping on that error of judgment might be better invested in seeking a solution for the industry's present serious problems.

Obviously many of the high-cost producers will find it impossible to operate at a profit at the present rate of 8¾ cents a pound. This will mean the shutting down of mines and the adding of thousands of employees to the already gigantic roll of the unemployed. But the welfare of the copper industry is by no means all that is at stake. Economists and forecasters agree that business cannot possibly show a pronounced upturn until there is a strengthening of general commodity prices.

Fundamentally, the plan adopted last November appears to have been sound. But apparently it was not as inclusive and complete as it should have been. Most of the companies curtailed their output in accordance with the adopted program, but the effectiveness of the plan was marred by the relatively high production of other mines.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) May 21—71.0. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) May 21—64.8.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended May 7—747,499 cars (reduction of 27,792 under preceding week and of 184,879 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended May 16—44% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 30% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended May 16—daily average gross 2,426,800 barrels (reduction of 41,900 under preceding week and of 181,100 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended May 21—$9,045,955,000 (increase of 7.9% over preceding week; reduction of 11.6% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended May 21—514 (reduction of 2 under preceding week; increase of 34 over same week of 1930).

▶▶New Ideas in Packaging

THE American Management Association scored heavily with its "packaging clinic," recently staged at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. New ideas for the packaging of groceries and meats, suggested by recent developments in refrigeration, were described and discussed, and arrangements were made by the Association to establish a prize for the best package designed and put on the market each year.

Proper packaging is, as readers of this page have been reminded more than once, an important but frequently overlooked factor in successful distribution. Until we learn how to do the trick effectively our export trade will continue to be at a disadvantage, as it has been for many years, in comparison with such careful and clever shippers as our competitors in Germany and other European countries.

During the clinic Howard Otten, the Macy expert, showed how fiber containers, with the aid of the new types of refrigeration, now make it possible to transport fruits and vegetables without repacking in container sizes convenient to the consumer. This development has opened up new fields of profitable interest for merchants who used to deal only in "dry groceries."

Edward B. Filsinger, foreign sales counselor, stressed not only the color and design of the export package, but also the appropriateness of the name of the product, correct translation of the reading matter, and the unit retail selling price. Color schemes once adopted, he suggested, should be maintained indefinitely. This is logical, as our frequent changes in package colors, sizes and designs have left many of our Central and South American friends too mystified to understand our methods and too bewildered to buy our goods.

▶▶Haney Looks Ahead

IN *Business Forecasting* (Ginn, $3.40), Dr. Lewis H. Haney, director of the New York University Bureau of Business Research, describes his own "P/V line" barometer, which has stood the test of the past ten years.

Dr. Haney also attempts to appraise the chief significant business indices; undertakes to develop a scientific procedure for business forecasts; restates the theory of the business cycle; and essays to improve the basis for sound stock-market forecasting. In connection with the latter objective, he stresses the point that we must consciously and definitely segregate the idea of a normal range of security values from abnormal peaks and bottoms, recognizing that a distinct set of factors becomes predominant when speculative momentum carries prices above or below certain normal limits.

The "P/V line," originated by Dr. Haney, is a commodity price curve adjusted for variations in physical volume, or a series of ratios between price and volume. This reasoning is valid for a single commodity, and since indexes of prices and volumes are averages of individual commodities, it can also be applied to the general situation reflected in such indexes.

The most significant interpretation of the "P/V line" as a business barometer lies in its relation to normal. When the line rises above the normal trend, business recovery is forecast. We are now waiting for it to rise.

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The Spotlight on Sports

By GEORGE TREVOR

Douglas Fairbanks—Golfer

TURN about is fair play. Now that Bobby Jones is starring at Hollywood, it is only right that Douglas Fairbanks should have doubled for the Atlantan in the British Amateur Championship. Doug's fling at Westward Ho was a brief one, but he confounded the skeptics by carrying J. R. Abercrombie of Hoylake to the home green in that first round match. Voigt beat Abercrombie by only one hole the next day.

If Fairbanks' game was a pleasant surprise to the London golf critics, his dress and deportment were exceedingly disappointing to the small gallery of Devonshire movie fans—including a dozen mothers pushing babies in prams—who trailed him across the bleak downs. They expected a more exciting show for their pains.

The Devon matrons were disillusioned. They saw a strangely subdued Fairbanks who indulged in none of the antics they associate with their screen idol. He didn't turn somersaults on the greens or vault over bunkers. Indeed, his bearing was dignified to the point of austerity, as rigidly formal as that of a peer of the realm addressing the Woolsack. Even his clothes were a study in restraint—rusty brown tweeds topped by a weather-battered hat. Here was none of the romantic glamour the Devon yokels expected of the modern D'Artagnan.

Doug's only radical gesture was the concession of a three-foot putt on the home green which meant the match. You and I have seen yard putts missed by Hagan and Jones. It developed that Fairbanks' generosity wasn't entirely disinterested. He wanted to catch the London train. Doug had a date with Mary Pickford, who reached England by boat that morning.

Golf Under Difficulties

AMERICAN golf followers, reading of Voigt's progress at Westward Ho, were amazed to learn that the British Amateur Championship was staged on a public links. The Royal North Devon course is actually a public common. Sheep graze placidly on the fairways, serving as animated lawn mowers. They save the greens committee from buying petrol—no negligible item with gas costing what it does abroad.

There were no loud-mouthed, red-rosetted marshals to order people back from the greens during the championships, no ropes to herd the crowd out of range. It was all delightfully informal. Little knots of villagers wandered across the fairways at crucial moments, taking their own sweet time about clearing a path for the impatient shotmaker. Children frolicked through the bunkers unrestrained, leaving their heelprints on the wind-ruffled sand. One ambitious youngster turned handsprings on the home green until shooed away to allow a match to finish. Lambs bleated, dogs barked, and babies yowled—a mental counterpart of Job's plague for high-strung competitors.

In one match, Voigt's line to the fifteenth green was stymied by a ram which stubbornly refused to yield the right of way to a mere golfer. "Let him be," said Voigt after efforts to dislodge his ramship had failed. "He makes a swell marker for my approach shot."

Royal North Devon's severely simple clubhouse astonished Americans accustomed to palatial country clubs. The unpretentious Westward Ho structure is little more than a locker room with a modest lounge and grill attached—also a bar. You hang your hat on a peg and tee up in Britain, where they take their golf straight.

The Casino complex which has transformed American golf clubs into amusement plants—featuring such sideshows as swimming, dancing, card parties and tennis—is unknown overseas. A man's country, England caters to men's tastes. We Americans kowtow to the ladies, who regard a golf club as a place to play bridge on Bridget's day off.

Bare Legs or Pyjamas

WIMBLEDON, stronghold of conservatism, must pass upon another innovation in feminine tennis raiment. The governors of that dignified institution have been kept busy suppressing young ladies with radical ideas about sport togs.

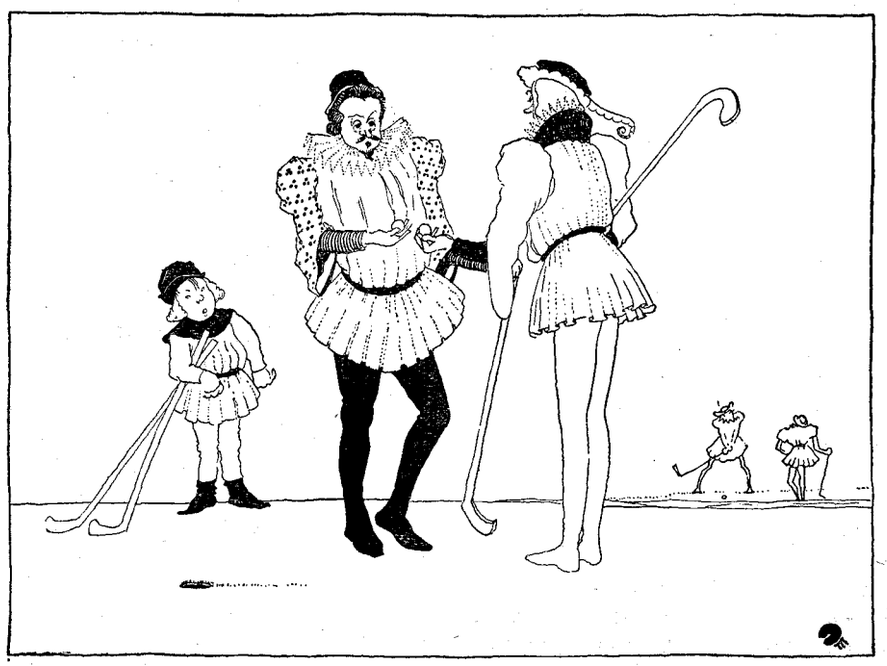
Last season, you may recall, Wimbledon frowned upon the bare-legged vogue. That official scowl was sufficient. None of the girls dares flaunt stockingless limbs on the sacred turf of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, though they all sported ankle-length socks in lesser meetings.

Now comes Lili de Alvarez with an even more daring if subtler challenge to the All-England die-hards. "The little Spanish girl," an altogether charming person, promises to appear at Wimbledon in trousers! Lest that word scandalize the hypersensitive Wimbledon censors, I hasten to substitute the term—divided skirts. This bifurcated garment, called a *jupe culotte* by the trade, simulates a skirt. "You just know she wears 'em"—but you can't be sure until she runs.

"See, it looks just like a skirt when I'm standing still," said Senorita de Alvarez, exhibiting her pyjama tennis frock at Cannes. "Really, it's a lot more modest than the short skirts worn by tournament players. You can leap for an overhead smash or stretch for a corner shot with perfect freedom and decorum."

Those flaming pyjama trousers are all

(Please Turn to Page 159)



In an effort to protect home industry, the Scottish Parliament under James VI forbade the importation of Dutch golf balls

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The New Books

Knowing Our Neighbors

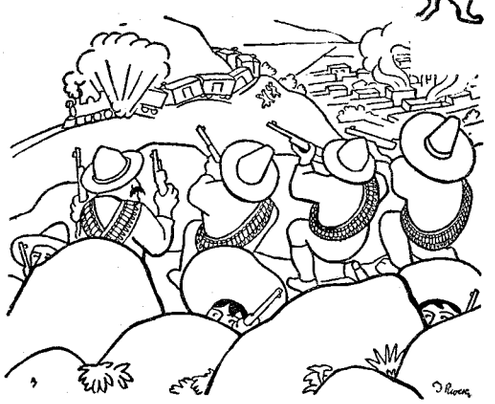
"MEXICAN MAZE," by Carleton Beals, with illustrations by Diego Rivera (Lippincott). Carleton Beals is one of the few living American writers who have got under the skin of Latin-American life and who thoroughly appreciate its savor and substance. By the same token, he is a propagandist, in the best sense of that much abused word, for the preservation of the essential character of our Mexican and Central American neighbors. His allegiance is to the United States, but his sympathies and affinities are rooted in Latin-American folk-ways, their violence, their squalor, their valor and their color. As a guide to political events, therefore, he is biased; as an interpreter and observer, he is valuable; as a writer, he is brilliant.

This book about Mexico is an intimate, colorful and impartial observation of the sound and fury of the economic and social ferment to the south of the Rio Grande. He shows the Indian Republic gradually reasserting its primitive communism and peasant superstition both against Hispanic feudalism and ecclesiastical authority. He sees, moreover, that Indian civilization preparing itself for integration in the world industrial system, preparing to substitute kerosene tins for Maya pottery and orange crush for "*atole,* ground corn in milk and water, flavored with cinnamon." He reports on Mexican life, militarism, oil and church-and-state with spirit and honesty.

The book is one of those volumes which is more useful for the sights it shows the literary traveler on the way rather than for the destination to which it brings him. Mr. Beals' conclusions are hostile to annexation or absorption of Mexico by the United States. He points out that "to the voting population of the United States would be added fifteen million dark-skinned people," Catholics at that, who would simply import Mexican political squabbles into American politics, to our detriment and Mexican unhappiness. "The contentment, peace and happiness of Mexico and the United States depend," he observes, "by and large, upon Mexico maintaining its political independence and as rapidly as possible achieving its economic independence. . . . Any aggression against Latin-America is a profanation of the human spirit of which we are but a part."

He pleads for sympathy, tolerance, and a live-and-let-live attitude towards the Republic to the South, despite his open-eyed appraisal of the cruelties, superstitions and animosities of the present turmoil in a nation in which the Indian masses are slowly shaking off the economic and social institutions of the Spanish conquest as a preliminary to involuntary acceptance of the conquest of the machine age. Such men as the Roger Casements, the Wilfrid Blunts and Carleton Beals are necessary in an Anglo-Saxon civilization. Whether they are factually right is a matter of indifference. Spiritually, it is necessary that the most island-minded race of which history bears record should receive a sympathetic interpretation of the peoples whose interests they are apt to injure or ignore in the name of efficiency. Perhaps it would also be a good thing if Mexico produced a few Carleton Beals who could interpret American ways and civilization sympathetically to the mestizo races who lie between us and the Southern Continent.

JOHN CARTER.



Illustrations by Diego Rivera from "Mexican Maze"

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. Pulitzer prize novel, a detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Reviewed July 2, 1930.

The Road Back, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A poetic and moving picture of the individual and collective tragedies of the returned soldier. Reviewed May 13.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Flamenco, by Lady Eleanor Smith: Doubleday, Doran. A stormy and bloodcurdling tale of a gipsy child brought up in an English household. Reviewed April 8.

The Winding Lane, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday, Doran. A challenge to our "new morality," interestingly written with fine character portrayal. Reviewed April 1.

Non-Fiction

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

Fatal Interview, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper. This exquisite sonnet sequence is the best of all Miss Millay's distinguished work. Reviewed April 29.

Red Bread, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith. Another excellent book on contemporary Russia by the author of **Humanity Uprooted.** Reviewed May 13.

Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abington: Viking. A sparkling little book of amusing mistakes. Reviewed March 11.

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

The Week's Reading

"STALIN," by Isaac Don Levine (Cosmopolitan, $3.50). A most illuminating as well as informative book for the American who is puzzled and astounded by Russian history since the collapse of the Russian army in the Great War. That collapse gave the revolutionists their opportunity to grasp control, with a ready-made army to uphold them with bayonets. Mr. Levine not only describes the rise of Stalin to power and his break with Trotsky, but incidentally sketches vividly the whole course of events down to and including the Five-Year Plan. So long as Lenin lived, even when for over a year he was paralyzed, his control was complete. Stalin and Trotsky were forever appealing to Lenin, one against the other. Both were at times inclined to lean toward conservative Socialism; but always Lenin brought them to heel and, what's more, they revered as well as feared him. And with Lenin from first to last, —yes, more than ten years before the Great War—the aim was always a *dic-*

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tatorship of the proletariat; his letters here included show that; he uses those words over and over again. "Loot the loot," was one of his war cries—that is, plunder the autocrat oppressors. He approved Nechayer's assertion in 1869—"Our task is general destruction." Lenin himself said, "Morality is entirely subordinate to the interests of the class war."

Stalin in his early days was convinced that the proposed dictatorship must be wielded by one man—and now he is that man! Lenin's famous "political testament" made a friendly but searching analysis of the valuable and dangerous qualities of Stalin and Trotsky, and suggested a third man in the central power as a balance. That meant a triumvirate—and that has rarely succeeded in history. Exit Trotsky! There was a saying, "Lenin trusts Stalin, but Stalin trusts nobody."

Mr. Levine thus sums up the present situation: "The Soviet government is but a dead machine hitched to the live engine of the Communist Party. The party machine, in its turn, is nothing but a system of bureaucratic control under the direct and vigilant hand of its sole "boss"—the secretary-general of the Central Committee, Stalin."

Mr. Levine, it is perhaps needless to say, is not a Bolshevist or a terrorist. He makes things plain; he is not denunciatory; he does not argue for or against theories; he is an admirable reporter and a vivid narrator. What with Trotsky telling the history of the Revolution in an American magazine serially, and this book on Stalin, and the rising flood of other books on Russia, perhaps some day we shall understand what still seems unintelligible. One wonders whether Mr. Levine's book will be allowed to circulate in Russia, for it contains the very story about Stalin the repeating of which by an American lady caused her to be expelled from Russia, together with other stories and sayings of Stalin, perfectly good-natured, to be sure; but so was the other!

R. D. Townsend.

These are years of a critical scrutiny of the marriage relation and of a recasting of its values. Dr. Poul Bjerre *(The Remaking of Marriage: A Contribution to the Psychology of Sex Relationships,* Macmillan, $2), writes out of the knowledge which his wide experience as a psychiatrist has given him. His book is translated from the Swedish by Dr. T. H. Winslow. Books of similar nature continue to appear in the various European countries and in America; it is important to note how slight are the sectional differences and how thinkers in various nations are concerning themselves with nearly identical considerations.

Dr. Bjerre's views might be paraphrased briefly in the statement that marriage has been a social institution and that it is now incumbent upon us to humanize it. With the old marriage where the wife submitted herself to her husband as a duty, and where the relation was held permanent for the sake of comfort or of sex alone, he has but little patience. In his emphasis upon the need to work toward an enduring and rewarding relation he is expressive of a recent trend among many writers who have long ago laid aside concern for the traditional marriage form, who have studied the working out of freer and more casual connections, and have come to the conclusion that, while the way must be left open for varieties of relations to suit individual needs, the most satisfying is that of a permanent, uncoerced monogamy.

Have we, then, gone all round Robin Hood's barn and returned to our starting point? I think not. An appreciation of individual differences and of the particular complications of the individual's life keeps the way open for the individual to live in the way which best permits his adjustment to life. Dr. Bjerre's attitude is one of tolerance for a great variety of sexual relations which may meet a specific need. He dislikes divorce, but would not amend the liberal divorce laws of Sweden. He finds that there is but one essential basis for a good relation, and that is honesty between the two persons involved. He holds that recognition of free sex relationships as a legitimate social form would not signify a revolution, merely a confirmation of a change in moral consciousness which has already taken place. He favors three forms of marriage: a betrothal which may be kept secret but which should be based upon a written agreement between the man and woman, involving an acceptance of social obligations in the event of childbirth; a civil marriage providing for what he calls a "home partnership"; and a sacramental union in which, like the Vikings of old, the man and woman burn all ships behind them.

He finds that the sacramental union, in which each renews himself through the other, is infrequent because of false attitudes in which we are trained, and believes that it must include not only preparedness for catastrophes but even willingness to face catastrophes. Among these he would include temporary infidelity, although his emphasis is upon the desirability of the individual's training himself in fidelity. "There is probably nothing so mysterious as true communion between a man and a woman and the suffering they must inflict upon each other to live up to the bond uniting them." Inertia of the heart and frigidity of the blood, "too strongly intrenched in man to want further encouragement by being practiced as virtues," are more insidious enemies of a union than occasional reckless yieldings to outside appeals. Continence is altogether evil only when practiced for its own sake; it acquires value as it makes for something larger in agreement with life's purpose. There are but two ways of meeting life, the heroic and the superficial, and this applies also in marriage. Sooner or later every marriage meets catastrophes which jeopardize its existence. But as we remake marriage into an inner experience

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By CARLETON BEALS

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we find the means of meeting the dangers and turning them not into ruin but into a stronger and deeper relationship.

It is not possible to summarize the author's analysis of the subtleties of the love relation. His experience suggests three periods of marital crises, one very early, often appearing in pre-nuptial anxiety, another between the seventh and the tenth year, and another at about the twentieth year. His tolerance, his humanity and his psychological insight make his book a valuable beginning in the process of remaking marriage, not according to sanctified dogma, but according to the needs of the human beings concerned.

LORINE PRUETTE.

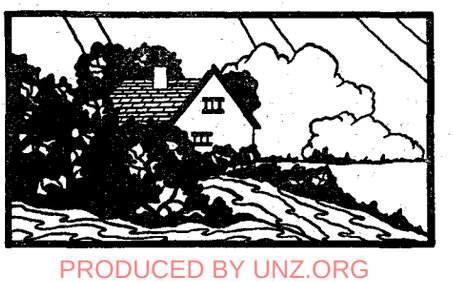
"WHEN the Wicked Man," by Ford Madox Ford (Liveright, $2.50). Here we have Mr. Ford, gentleman and Tory, being very rough. His subject is an American business man, a publisher—the business, no doubt, about which Mr. Ford knows most—and, from what we've been told about the publishing business in New York, we imagine that Joe Notterdam and his experiences are not too grossly exaggerated. Taken from the open road by a set of curious chances, set up as the head of an old, honorable and tottering publishing house by a billionaire, his comrade in many odd adventures, Notterdam, with the best of intentions, gets himself involved in an ugly series of situations. While drunk, as he rather too often is, he signs a contract with an author which he repudiates when practically sober at the behest of a southern charmer. The author's suicide follows and Notterdam is caught in a hideous pit such as one meets in nightmares, easy to fall into and terrible to get out of. The southern hard-boiled virgin, the billionaire friend, the wife and her mysterious lover, the author's foul-mouthed widow and her gangster sweetheart, publishers, writers, critics, lean over the pit with pitchforks and push Notterdam back every time he struggles to the top. Even when he seems to have escaped and to be preparing to travel roads where liquor, lechery, bribery, blackmail and murder will not beset him, he is—the end of the story suggests—not going to be let.

Mr. Ford's experiences with New York publishers must have been rowdy. His novel is the most readable and the most ably written story of business and certain phases of modern life and character that this reviewer has read. The method of presentation, the one used by Mr. Ford in his fine war novels, is a variant of the Henry James method. The author sets his subject up as a target against a white background and shoots all around it, outlining it neatly with bullet holes before he aims at and strikes the heart. The result is a full-bodied, convincing picture of character and event in conflict.

"YOUNG Lady of Paris," by Colette, translated by James Whitall (A. & C. Boni, $2.50). The adventures of the girl first met in *Claudine at School* and said to be Colette, herself, are continued in *Young Lady of Paris*. Your reviewer finds Colette in translation at her best in *Mitsou* and at her least good in the Claudine stories. To be thoroughly enjoyed they need the tang of the French language. After Claudine, her father and his snails, the *bonne,* and the luxurious cat are transplanted to the *rue Jacob,* Claudine's ingenuous and naughty precosity develops rapidly into an amusing pseudo-sophistication. Claudine flirts with elderly admirers, falls somewhat in love with her cousin, Marcel, one of those *je-ne-sais-quoi* young men that Colette handles with such devastating skill, and finally, since Marcel can scarcely be expected to reciprocate, with Marcel's father who is about to marry her as the story ends. The book is written in diary form, and is clever, keen, very funny and rather mean. Colette knows everything about young girls. But she is selective, and for every separate story uses only just what she wants. Her accuracy, detachment and interest in dissection have caused her to be described repeatedly as the surgeon of the feminine soul. But she sometimes uses the anaesthetic more freely than the knife. For this reviewer her iciness at times takes the edge off her effects.

"STARRY ADVENTURE," by Mary Austin (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). This substantial story of the development of a sensitive boy from childhood into maturity is readable rather than unusual. Gard and his sister, Laura, are the children of a dilettante scholar, a "lunger" come to New Mexico, and his brave, resourceful wife. They live on a ranch near Santa Fé which they help their mother and grandfather to work. Their friends are Jane, daughter of very rich neighbors, and David, son of an unfrocked priest. Their inanimate companions, and especially Gard's, are the natural beauties of New Mexico. Gard's story develops through a well-arranged plot which seems to grow out of the impact of the environment upon the characters. His hopes for an orderly education are constantly frustrated—by his father's ill-health, his grandfather's indiscretions, and so forth. He learns through his contacts with people and with nature. Therefore the novel requires, and has, a convincing atmosphere of local color and an assortment of vivid characterizations, notably those of Gard's grandfather, the churchless preacher for whom the call of the flesh was imperious, David, the social revolutionary's son, and Eudora, the "rich tart." Gard's love-story with Jane is somewhat confused. Mrs. Austin has not made their ideals nor the way in which they attained them quite clear. And Gard's final acceptance of a life devoted to the recapturing of the Spanish heritage of New Mexico as his "starry adventure" seems to this entirely sympathetic reviewer more like an old person's vain dream of lost beauty than a young person's vision of the good life. As might be expected, the greatest charm of Mrs. Austin's book lies in her glowing descriptions of scene and life in the southwest. Even without its good story and interesting characters her book would be worth reading for its descriptive passages.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.



"CALL Her Savage," by Tiffany Thayer (Claude Kendall, $2.50). *Savage* applies literally to the half-Indian daughter of American pioneer people whom Mr. Thayer takes for heroine. But savage is too dignified a term. Nasa is a sadist, a neurotic, a scalper, a madwoman, or she is perhaps more fitly called the purple figment of nightmarish dreams, conceived by the author in a brainstorm and thenceforth rationalized, by him, for some three hundred pages. Her Red father killed himself after the hour of passion when he seduced the lady of the ranch. She was born the same shade of red, square built, hostile, bent more on clawing than caressing. No one, however, suspected her otherwise eminently virtuous mother of truancy. No one supposed, for a moment, that there was any special reason for her Indian face and her recurrent desire to sit cross-legged on the floor. When her parents, enriched by a Texas railroad, migrated to Chicago to make a lady out of Nasa, their troubles began. On the night of her graduation from an elegant school, she tore off her clothes in front of a large audience because she

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was annoyed. At her début dance, a week later, she ripped the skin of a woman's face to ribbons. She secretly married the town rake. When the marriage was discovered, she was sent to live with her husband. She found that he did not want her, that he was half mad with a grievous, incurable malady. She left him and bore his child alone. She then launched out on a frenzied career, scratching and biting her way through amorous nights into exhausted dawns. She kindled the fire in her exotic blood with fire-water and fire-works. No man who met her eye escaped her body. Call her savage, and you will be vesting her with a glamorous illusion. She ought, if she exists, to be locked up. Mr. Thayer doubtless seeks the trail of powerful emotions and the powerful expression thereof. But he gets sidetracked and loses himself in the forests of infernal sensation. His fancy needs the pressure of a strait-jacket.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Behind the Blurbs

JOHN BAKELESS' *Magazine Making*[1] is an excellent book, which has interest for the readers as well as for the makers of magazines. Writers, too, will get lots of valuable information from it. It is no hastily thrown together treatise, but a well-written, carefully considered and entertaining piece of work. And the one typographical error we were able to find in it comes in exactly the place where it best proves the author's point and at the same time perfectly convicts him, his printer and his publisher of the very carelessness against which he fulminates. At the beginning of the chapter on "The Preparation of Proof and Copy" we read this sentence: "Few aspects of contemporary publishing are less appreciated, less understood, and in consequence more neglected than the ill-important work of preparing copy for the printer and reading proof which the printer returns." ♣ ♣ ♣ Emanuel H. Lavine, whose *Third Degree* caused something of a flutter in the police stations, has now made further disclosures in *Gimme*[2], subtitled "How Public Officials Get Rich," which contains some 300 pages of observations made during 25 years of reportorial work. If you are one of the readers who care only for books about "nice people," don't read it, for these politicians of whom Mr. Lavine writes are not nice. It will nauseate you to read about them, yet you should read about them, nevertheless, for it is your money they are stealing. Not that you can do anything about it, but at least you'll find out where your money goes. ♣ ♣ ♣ A mild humor illuminates the essays in J. B. Priestley's *The Balconinny*[3]. Sometimes it's so mild as to be insipid. We're sorry, but really that's all we can think of to say about them. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Living Authors*[4] contains short, informal biographies, with portraits, of 400 writers, beginning with Leonie Adams and ending with Stefan Zweig. America is most fully represented, and as a result a number of rather unimportant American authors are included, but as the purpose of the book is merely to serve as a sort of personal introduction to the writers whose books Americans are most likely to read, this is as it should be. No criticial estimates of the authors' work are given—only the facts that the general reader would be most interested in. The only fault we find with the book is the incompleteness of the bibliographies. ♣ ♣ ♣ June book club choices: Book-of-the-Month Club, Elizabeth's *Father;* Book League, Carleton Beals' *Mexican Maze;* Literary Guild, Walter Millis' *The Martial Spirit.* ♣ ♣ ♣ *Back to Montparnasse*[5] is Sisley Huddleston's second book of Paris gossip, containing anecdotes about practically everybody you can think of, and quite a few you can't. A book for the visitor to Paris to skip about in, accumulating sidelights on personalities and movements of the last three decades. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Behind Moroccan Walls*[6] is a large, beautifully illustrated (by Artzybasheff) volume of stories translated from the French of Henriette Celarie, which, aside from their charm and simplicity, should do something to correct the impression of sheiks and harem life gained by a reading of highly seasoned novels whose authors know no more about actual Arabs than they do about Martians. Mrs. Morris' translation is sensitive and self-effacing—you are not conscious, as with most translations, that the book was originally written in another language. ♣ ♣ ♣ Two recent Random House items seem to us particularly worth your attention—if limited editions have any interest for you at all. First, H. G. Wells' *The Time Machine*[7], with a new preface by Mr. Wells; second, *Gulliver's Travels*[8] (Cresset Press) in 2 royal quarto vols., with illustrations by Rex Whistler, said illustrations being engraved on copper and hand colored. ♣ ♣ ♣ Mrs. Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho,* a thriller of a former generation, has just appeared in Everyman's Library. Though the manner is outmoded, this weird tale is firmer in construction than many of our modern thrillers. ♣ ♣ ♣ Nobody can complain that there's lack of excitement in *The Vesper Service Murders*[9], which tells how Capt. Hugh North of the Army Intelligence stepped into Judge Mackaye's drawing room just as guns began blazing on the lawn, and how through a hail of bullets, bombs and poison he stuck to the trail of the murderer and laid him low. Except for a distressing habit of putting umlauts over all vowels in German words to make them look more German, the author has written a swift and consistent yarn. ♣ ♣ ♣ Off the coast of Brittany lay Ile Torigny, where the wicked Vicomte Duhamel lived in an ancient chateau with his lovely niece and his villainous son. Hamill, an American, the real owner of the property, comes to take possession, accompanied by his wife and another American, Quaintance, whose interest in Torigny has been aroused by mention of it in a letter of D'Artagnan's that he has bought at an auction. There's a hidden treasure, and a maze of secret passages, and love and gunplay to enliven *D'Artagnan's Letter*[10], a pleasantly written and tenuous tale.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Viking, $3.00.
2. Vanguard, $3.00.
3. Harpers, $2.50.
4. Edited by Dilly Tante: Wilson, $5.00.
5. Lippincott, $3.00.
6. Macmillan, $5.00.
7. $12.50.
8. $12.50.
9. By Van Wych Mason: Crime Club, $1.00.
10. By M. and H. Bedford Jones: Covici, $2.00.

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▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

WE CAN'T seem to think of anything to write about this week. That is, there are plenty of things to write about, but we can't think of anything to say. The news contains lots of unimportant items. For instance, there are the Princeton seniors who voted Peter Arno the greatest artist, with Titian second. We know that's silly, but to make any comment on it we'd have to look up Titian and find out what he painted. Our impression is of something rather dim and allegorical, in browns and reds, but that isn't enough to base a paragraph on. We could, of course, take it for granted that you know all about Titian, and take his part with a lot of vague adjectives like "masterly" and "powerful," but then we'd sound like a regular art critic, and we don't want to do that.

Then there's the item about the Swiss economist who says that the market crash was caused by "the over-admiration and regard of American men for women." We can't think of anything to say about that except that the eminent Swiss is slightly cuckoo, and, like all good Americans, we hesitate to disparage a scientist. We've always had a particular respect for economists for their persistence in mastering a science so dull—and so abstruse that even its rudiments are way beyond us. But if admiration and regard for women, which we are quite capable of understanding, is a major economic factor, why, perhaps we could draw some valid economic conclusions ourself, without recourse to the long, weary paragraphs and the complicated terminology and graphs and things of which most economic treatises seem to be composed. However, even then we doubt if the science would be much good. All the economists we have ever known have been rather hard up, and no more practically successful in their chosen field than fortune-tellers. We would much rather stick to writing—if we could only think of something to say.

What could we say, for instance, about the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* which on one page of a recent issue prints Mr. Coolidge's syndicated chirpings, and on the editorial page opposite remarks: "Not to be outdone by the people who are selling apples, Mr. Coolidge is selling applesauce"? Consistency is not a quality that ranks very high in our esteem. Yet, as with virtue, some appearance of it is desirable and seemly. The only way in which the *Post-Dispatch* can be made to appear consistent in this case is to suppose that it intends to say to its readers: "The reason we're printing this applesauce of Mr. Coolidge's is that we know you're silly enough to like it."

We did manage to get a few lines out of that, didn't we? and now we're on our second column. Well, speaking of consistency, how about Sinclair Lewis getting mad at Yale for refusing the Nobel prize medal which apparently he hadn't offered them? Not much to be got out of that, we're afraid, since nearly everybody has got over expecting consistency from Mr. Lewis.

Still, there are a lot of things worse than inconsistency. There's, for instance, this sentence in the *World-Telegram:* "The Uranian Forum assists in the *borning* of the Aquarian Age." The italics are ours—that is, they aren't actually ours, since they really belong to the printer, but he has let us use them, in order to emphasize our disgust at what is the worst, but not the only, mistake in the story. "Borned" and "ladened" are a sort of double past participle occasionally met with, even in fairly literate writing, but "borning" is a new one to us. We'd like to assist in the dieding, preferably the strangleding, of the reporter who wrote it.

AND speaking of printers, we want to apologize for the printer who left out the row of little stars between two of our paragraphs last week. You may have noticed that we changed from dots to stars some time ago, and though we don't know just how it happened, it seems probable to us that the printer got so excited reading our stuff that he couldn't bear to stop long enough to put the stars in. Printers are like that. And on the whole, they have treated us very well. Though occasionally queer things happen. A book of ours once exhibited a bad case of hyper-commaism—there were hundreds and hundreds of unnecessary commas, so that it must have been five pages longer than it need have been. And we found out later that the printer had an interest in a comma factory upstate. Commas are more and more going out of style, and in order to use up his surplus production, this printer was using in all his books about three times as many as were indicated in the copy. At our suggestion he changed some of his machinery over so that he could manufacture periods, for which the demand has recently increased with the growing popularity of short sentences in fiction, and we understand from latest reports that he has since been doing very well.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Music

Notable New Recordings

THE caption above may well prove a bit misleading this week, for I propose to devote the major portion of this article to a discussion of a most remarkable publication which I have tardily come across, *The Gramophone,* published here in London monthly, edited by Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

In America we have, of course, the *Phonographic Monthly Review,* which is a valuable survey indeed of the recording field, but it is my unpatriotic opinion that for interest, thoroughness and general comprehensiveness Mr. Mackenzie's publication leaves it far behind. Apparently the British are inclined to go into more technical detail than we do, but in some mysterious fashion contrive not to be dull about it. No fewer than ten makes of records are advertised and as many kinds of machines—to say nothing of innumerable special speakers, pick-ups and motors. All this makes for a sprightly air of healthy competition, which I suspect is why British recording is, on the whole, of higher quality than our own.

Beginning with Mr. Mackenzie's most entertaining editorial which starts by making fun of the purists who object to cuts in recorded operas, passes on to a discussion of Elgar and Richard Strauss, puts Stravinsky firmly in his place as an artificial *poseur* and ends with a mention of a few special records, *The Gramophone* for May is packed with interesting special articles on Ravel, the current London opera season and reviews of records and discussion of technical problems in the construction and operation of gramophones. Subscriptions to *The Gramophone,* 10a Soho Square, London, W.1., for America are $3.50 a year. If you really want to keep up with the latest phonographic developments the world over, I'm sure you cannot do better. Incidentally I would say that the greatest disappointment of my London visit has been not to find Mr. Compton Mackenzie in town so that I might congratulate him on his splendid magazine, if that would make any difference to him.

O. C.-T.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Baby

IN THE beginning, the world was his mother, his father and the ceiling—which hung above and about him and to which there was no end. Later, he discovered the floor and that in turn led to the miracle. The miracle baffled sight and understanding; it moved, with no legs to hold it, with no face to look at you, backwards and forwards it moved in one corner of the world. And when it moved forwards the world was blotted out, for beyond it there blazed up suddenly the beautiful and unknown. When it moved backwards the world became itself again, known and reassuring. But the day came when the miracle closed behind him and he knew it carelessly for a door; when he staggered consciously into the dream and glory that lay beyond and recognized it as out-of-doors.

But by the time he was two and knew these things by heart—besides innumerable bits of knowledge that blew about his head like stars and thistledown—the whole world was shaken violently and seemed to burst in two.

When the strangeness and confusion and noise died down, he became aware that he himself was half the world, along with his parents and the house and out-of-doors, while the other half—so small, he felt himself become a giant with enormous hands and feet—the new half of the world lay in a little basket and moved its tiny mouth and made alarming faces; and slept.

A great portion of his life was now behind him, soon to be almost forgotten; for he had been a baby and was now grown up. The small creature in the basket was become the baby. More than that, it was a girl and it was his.

Nothing that he could remember, no experience or wonder of living could equal the solemn joy of this new possession. If at times he reeled under the responsibility, if his anxiety and ignorance often mounted to an agony he hid it from the rest of the world. Dimly he knew there was a price to pay for this heady emotion. And gradually the sharp cries of "Mind the baby!" "Watch out for the baby, there!" and "What's the baby doing now?" came to startle his anxious heart no more. By the time that he was three the world had granted him the baby and went about its business of soap and water and brooms and frying pans without bothering or interrupting him when he entertained the baby on the floor, or trundled her about the yard or pointed out to her by name the fascinations of the life they had stumbled into.

If he had thought he was grown up at two, he knew better when he was four. For two years now, ever since before he could remember, he had minded and watched out for and instructed the baby. In order to answer all her questions and meet her every requirement he had been forced to look in every corner of his brain, and to his own surprise he had discovered there the most amazing and exciting facts! No, the sun would not fall down—it was as big as an orange and had legs on the other side by which it crawled along the sky. Yes, she would be as tall as the trees some day, and would only have to wave her arms around to make the wind blow. Yes, he knew everything because he was four years old. No, she would never know as much as he because she was a girl.

But the questions she asked most were all about the fire. Shut up in a box of matches, or looking at you, still and bright, from inside the stove, or waving from the bonfires along the street. "The fire," he told her, gravely, "is where everything goes that goes away." He knew that very well, for he had noticed that nothing came back from any fire whatever. He held her tightly by the hand and pulled her away whenever they saw one—as though he mistrusted her the way she danced and clapped her hands while her hair blew out like a gold flame; as though she liked the fire perhaps better than himself.

But he might have known better for she always followed him and was obedient. When it happened, it was not the baby that ran after the fire, it was the fire that stretched a high wild hand and caught the baby by the hair; a piece of burning paper, that shook itself loose from a burning pile of trash and sprang into the wind to catch her.

For a second he stared unbelieving at the flaming head of his baby. But he would not have it. He had not minded and watched out all this time to let her leave him this way—running from him crying out, with fire streaming from her hair.

He had caught her in no time at all. He had her head upon his breast, his arms held tight around her neck, his hands struggling and beating at the fire. And now the fire was trying to take away his hands—he wouldn't have it—!

He sat up later in his white hospital bed and looked at her, asleep in another bed beside him. There was a white bandage where her hair had been, like the two white bandages that covered up his hands. Her hair was gone, the nurse had told him, but the baby was all right. And so he sat and smiled to see her making faces in her sleep.

But though he was four years old and knew so much, he didn't know if his hands were gone; he didn't even know that it mattered now—having hands, or not.

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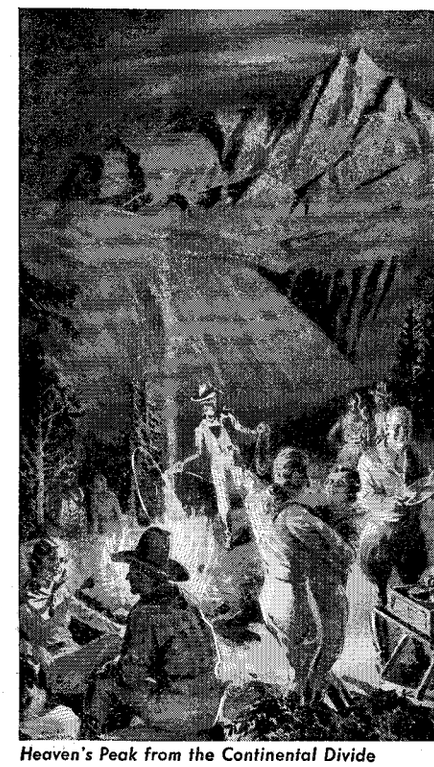
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The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"*Le Million*"

RENÉ CLAIR, the French director who gave us *Sous Les Toits de Paris,* has done another and even more charming film, a sort of wild Gallic Mack Sennett farce with snatches of light-hearted music thrown in for good measure. And this time you need absolutely no French at all to follow the story. In the first place there is very little talking, and in the second place M. Clair has two English characters in his story who clear up the few passages which might cause confusion. *Le Million* is a pretty swell piece of work from everybody's point of view. It is light and gay and amusing and foolish and full of smart satire—and the action runs as fast as an early Chaplin. Sounds, music and songs are used skilfully, and not always literally. For example, there is a scene in which some ten or fifteen people are fighting for the possession of an old coat, backstage in the Paris Opera. As they rush excitedly back and forth you suddenly hear a shrill whistle like that used on a football field. Again, the characters often hear songs in one scene which are particularly connected with a previous one. The action is wild and quite mad. *Le Million* starts out simply enough. A poor artist is besieged on all sides by creditors, and is about to be thrown out of his room, when the newspapers announce that his lottery ticket has won the million florin prize. At this point it develops that the gentleman's girl friend had given the old coat containing the ticket to a thief who was trying to escape the police. The search for the coat makes up the rest of the action and takes the characters on a fantastic chase. Without telling too much of the story, it may be said that among those who gain possession of the coat for a short time is a singer who wears it onto the stage of the Paris Opera as a part of his costume. During these scenes M. Clair takes some extremely sly jabs at opera and opera singers. At other times he amuses himself by satirizing the police. Always he escapes the sappy, sweetish love interest which saps the vitality of most American screen comedies. There is a girl in the story, even two girls, one of whom is quite pretty, but the principles never go into a clinch. *Le Million* is a farce made to amuse you. The ultimate sex life of its characters has very properly not been brought up for consideration. The principal rôles are played by Annabella, René Lefebvre and Louis Allibert.

"*The Smiling Lieutenant*"

Another Frenchman has produced a witty and sparkling film this week—Maurice Chevalier, working in Paramount's Long Island studio under the deft direction of Ernst Lubitsch. Other considerable factors in his success are the lovely Claudette Colbert, the pert Miriam Hopkins and Oscar Strauss' melodious music. And while the story is not so much, the lines are often good enough to bring down the house. Just as a matter of information it may be said that *The Smiling Lieutenant* tells of a princess from one of those small theatrical kingdoms, who falls in love with a handsome lieutenant and marries him offhand without consulting him about the matter. When the royal wedding night proves a disappointment (Chevalier leaves Miriam Hopkins to play checkers with her father, the old king) the bride tries various plans to capture his attention. The Lieutenant, in the meanwhile, has returned to his old mistress (Claudette Colbert) who plays the violin in a beer garden.

A good many of the traditional Lubitsch touches are evident in *The Smiling Lieutenant.* In fact many of the scenes, if done by the ordinary mechanic movie director, would be stupid and bring censorial shears snipping almost immediately. As it is, some of our more pompous censors will probably dig into it before it gets very far. Censors, you know, don't approve of love affairs unless the lady holds her marriage license in one hand at all times. And in this film M. Chevalier has an affair with a girl he isn't married to.

Worth Seeing

Beggar's Opera: Modernistic German version of the old English classic. Sinister rather than gay, but very unusual.
Connecticut Yankee: Pleasant nonsense with Will Rogers as Sir Boss in Mark Twain's old story.
City Streets: Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney in a smooth and rather dressy gangster yarn.
The Millionaire: George Arliss and about fifteen cents' worth of plot.
Public Enemy: One of the more realistic gangster films.
Quick Millions: Showing how racketeers make us support them.
The Secret Six: Wallace Beery, a big beer baron, gets himself elected mayor.
Skippy: Percy Crosby's shambling little boy brought to life without a trace of coyness.
Tabu: Beautiful South Sea Islanders in a simple and touching story.

Minority Report

Dirigible: Good air pictures—stupid story.
Indiscreet: Gloria Swanson, slickety clothes and sex shop talk.
Seed: A dull little movie about a man and two women.
Svengali: John Barrymore amusing himself with makeup in a theatrical old story.

"*Kick In*"

Far be it from me to kick a lady when she's down—but the truth seems to be that Clara Vo-do-deVoe Bow is about to go out like a light, and that because she is a bad, bad actress. Until recently Clara's routine was to remove every item of clothing except her pants at least once during each picture, thereby keeping a majority of the customers awake. Now she is trying to be a real actress—a serious actress in a gang movie. God knows—that's fair enough. Anybody has a right to *try.* All I can report is that I saw a rather dumpy little woman with grotesquely penciled eyebrows reciting unbelievably stupid lines in a flat and slightly nasal voice.

"*A Free Soul*"

Some people may think they have had their money's worth when they have seen Norma Shearer silhouetted in a doorway wrapped in a skin-tight gold lamé negligee, her knee archly kinked, her hair coyly fluffed and her chin in her palm—but I don't. I resent the fact that *A Free Soul* is a preposterous, illogical, over-talkative and frequently motionless motion picture, and not even Lionel Barrymore's melodramatic wigwagging convinces me.

Today's lesson for we-girls tells of the dreadful, dreadful things which happen to Norma Shearer when she tries to lead her own life and forgets about her aristocratic San Francisco family. Mr. Barrymore, her father, is a famous lawyer who drinks too much and defends notorious criminals. Norma takes up with one of his clients (Clark Gable) and soon we see her lolling about in negligee in the boudoir of his luxurious gambling den.

Then comes the big father and daughter scene. Lionel Barrymore discovers Norma in the gunman's apartment and Norma finds him reeling drunk again. She takes Poppa home and makes a bargain with him that if he will give up his liquor she will give up her lover. Wagging his head in the best Barrymore manner, Lionel agrees and in the next scene father and daughter are out camping in the fine clear air of the mountains in an effort to forget it all.

I like melodrama as well as anybody, but I must point out that Director Clarence Brown has about five times too much talk in *A Free Soul,* that his scenes are long and dull and that his disregard for logic is often fatal.

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▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

"BRIGHTER LONDON" used to be the slogan plastered on all the hoardings a few years ago. Well, it must be said that in the face of a good deal of silly legislation, heavy taxation and the persevering climate the British have made great strides in the direction of their goal. Compared to the static night life and theatre of Paris, London is now positively effervescent.

Of the pieces I was fortunate enough to see, *Tantivy Towers* is probably the most entertaining. It is a light opera with a sparkling and just a little bit malicious libretto by A. P. Herbert and what I am afraid is only adequate music by Thomas F. Dunhill. However, Mr. Dunhill has done what few musicians since Sullivan have done in that he has so composed his tunes that the words are always plainly to be heard. Mr. Herbert makes fun of both the County huntin' set and the "artists" of Chelsea. In a Bohemian studio the Earl of Tantivy remarks about a modern painting, "I do *not* believe that the daughters of Eve have such very triangular thighs," and later at Tantivy His Lordship says, "I have dined so well, my dear, not even Good Music could annoy me now." I do hope that the whole delightfully satirical production will be brought to New York intact with the same cast and no attempt at adaptation.

In *Payment Deferred* Charles Laughton, a young character actor of whom I had heard a great deal, quite lives up to expectations. The play is a gruesome thing about a thoroughly unattractive man who commits a murder, cannot leave the scene of it, regrets it, finally gets to appreciate the good qualities of his wife, unwittingly causes her to commit suicide so that it looks as though he had killed her and is hanged for that instead of the actual murder that he did do. Cheery, isn't it? The play, which is a dramatization of C. S. Forester's novel by Jeffrey Dell, affords Mr. Laughton opportunity for characterization and an exhibition of dramatic technique of which he takes full advantage. Several moments are among the most harrowing that I have spent in a theatre—even when thought back to in broad daylight days after.

One of the two main sources from whom Miss Beatrice Lillie draws her ideas, Miss Cicely Courtneidge is clowning her way through an otherwise awkward revue called *Folly to be Wise*. She has an uproariously funny number which we will no doubt see in America in which she is the lady thrown about by acrobatic adagio dancers which is a perfect exposition of how you or I would feel under the circumstances. It would bring tears of sympathetic mirth to the eyes of the most hardened observer. Speaking of Miss Lillie, I'm sorry Miss Maisie Gay is not in town. I'll never forget how *she* used to do *March With Me*.

The Immoral Duchess, by J. B. Fagan, is among the London plays definitely slated for New York production but I am none too sanguine about its chances for success, even if Yvonne Arnaud comes over to play the thinly disguised rôle of Queen Marie of Roumania trying to get American financial assistance for her country through somewhat dubious means. Miss Arnaud, however, is always worth watching and the play has got amusingly illuminating lines about what the English and Continentals think of us Americans.

Recommended Current Shows

As Husbands Go: Pleasant little comedy of life in Paris and Dubuque.
Five Star Final: The season's most intense and exciting American play.
Girl Crazy: Gershwin score with Willie Howard and Ethel Merman.
Grand Hotel: Effective continental melodrama on a revolving stage.
Melo: American production of Henry Bernstein's problem play with Edna Best, Basil Rathbone and Earle Larimore as three sides of the eternal triangle.
Mrs. Moonlight: Sentimental English comedy well acted.
Once in a Lifetime: Practically everything that should be said at the expense of Hollywood.
Precedent: Dramatic presentation of the record of the Mooney-Billings case.
Private Lives: The season's most amusing comedy—with Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Absorbing, if unpleasant, play with Katharine Cornell brilliant.
The Green Pastures: Now well into its second year and deservedly so.
The Silent Witness: A well-acted crime play that does not insult the intelligence.
The Wonder Bar: Al Jolson practically the whole of a novel piece.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best serious work.
Vinegar Tree: Gay farce about Long Island. Worth seeing.

Colleges for Crooks

(Continued from Page 141)

who resort to the gun and the torch? Can such men be reclaimed with a kind word and a pat on the back?

As for the neurologists and the psychiatrists—well, I'll admit that many criminals are sick men in need of treatment. I have no doubt that the men of science can normalize many of them—the helpless, unfortunate boys who are doing life terms on the installment plan; the boys who are in today and out tomorrow. But when it comes to the big shots, I take issue with the men of science. I never knew a "big shot," a Capone, a Chapman, an Anderson, a Bugs Moran, a Jimmy Nannery, a Jack ("Legs") Diamond, a Frankie Yale or a "Boston Billy" Monahan who had anything wrong with their thyroids, pituitaries and endocrines. Every "big shot" that I ever knew was sound mentally and physically. They all ate well, slept well and were the personification of industry when they were after the loot. At other times they were lazy.

There has never been anything wrong with my glands. I have never been addicted to drugs or afflicted with disease. I am and always have been sound mentally and physically. I, and my friends the big shots, were adventurers. What would the men of science have done with me if they had got me when I was crooking? What would they have done with my friends, Chapman and Anderson, who used to sit for hours at a stretch discussing Herbert Spencer's First Principles, Swinburne's poetry and Anatole France.

I WONDER, too, what would have been the diagnosis of the men of science in the case of my old pal "Frisco Eddie" who adored Brahms and Wagner and cried like a baby when he heard the Tannhauser Overture? Subjects for treatment? Men whom the sentimentalists could redeem with a pat on the back and a kind word? Nonsense! We required the rod. All crooks fear the rod. I know, for example, that I never robbed a bank in Delaware. Why? The whipping post always scared me. I never burglarized a bank in Alabama, either. Why? The coal mines of the Alabama "stir" always scared me. I avoided the Dominion of Canada, too. Why? Canada is noted for its "here-he-comes-and-there-he-goes" method of dealing with crooks. Furthermore, they have whipping posts. And the Spartan discipline of the Canadian "big houses" gave me pause. I always avoided states wherein crooks were treated with firmness and severity. I played the states wherein crooks were

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treated with tenderness and pity, states whose prisons had welfare leagues, bucket brigades and entertainment.

Every crook, young or old, is a potential murderer. He views every law-abiding citizen as his enemy. If you corner him he kills you. Why be so solicitous about such a character? There is only one way to stop him. Get him when he's young, put him in prison and keep him there until he repents. Determinate periods of imprisonment in "playhouses" have failed to make him repent. But life terms in real prisons with no hope of pardon, if he doesn't repent, may make him get on his knees.

Royal Intrigue in Roumania

(Continued from Page 144)

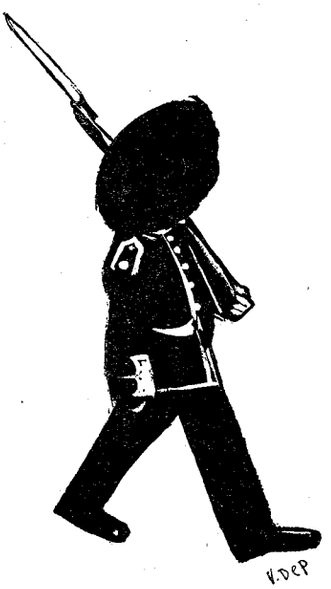
she had begun to love the man she had agreed to betray. Now she must appear at a given place for tea every day. She will do that, no matter what happens, for as long as her agreement lasts. Only death can stop her. That faithfulness is one of the things Carol admires in her."

After Carol's return to Roumania many smoke curtains were lowered over the internal affairs of the country. The outside world was kept amused with stories as to when the official coronation of the King would take place. Then the coronation was postponed time and again for different excuses. A barrage of information was loosened as to the progress of the peace proposals Carol offered to his wife. As the King and the chief magistrate of the country, he had ordered that the divorce, that had already been declared between them, be voided. By his orders, Helen became legally his wife again. To the outside world it seemed that their reconciliation was but a matter of weeks, that Helen postponed this reconciliation as a matter of form to save her own face and pride. But those who knew conditions in Roumania and the affairs of the royal palace knew also that such a reconciliation would never take place chiefly because Carol did not want it to happen. He may have wanted to give the impression to the world that it was he who recanted and asked forgiveness from the wife he had betrayed. As a matter of fact he felt that he had been the aggrieved party and that if there was any forgiveness to be asked, Helen had to ask it of him because she had allied herself with his mother and with the clique that had put him in such a bad light in the eyes of the world. He felt that it was up to him to decide whether he wanted to continue with her as his wife when he should have forgiven her. Those who tried to bring the two together knew that their difficulty was to make Carol forgive Helen and not to make Helen forgive Carol. And Carol was right.

This affair bothered Roumania very little. It had to be done to satisfy the outside world. The financial affairs of the country were precarious. The domestic affairs of the King were only of secondary importance.

The trouble with King Carol is that he is a vacillating man. He wakes up in the morning with the strength of a Napoleon and the energy of an Alexander, but winds up the day as a skeptic who doubts whether action has ever been worth while. He hasn't yet made up his mind whether he wants to be the dictator of Roumania or the man who will introduce real democracy into the country of the Wallachians. He is a despot at one moment and as soft as wax in the hands of his advisers the next.

He still does not know whether he is to rule the country as it would best serve the national interest, or rule it so as to make himself appear a civilized man in the eyes of the world, regardless of what happens to the country. He still fears the possibility of exile for himself. Even while he is on the throne he is thinking that the day may not be far off when he may have to look to foreign lands for asylum. And he is in love with Magda Lupescu. If he brings her to the palace the peasants would be goaded into an uprising against the Jews and would slaughter them all. The anti-Semites, friends of Marie, keep on harping on the fact that Magda Lupescu is a Jewess.



"Do you want to have a Jewish queen? She would have the churches torn down and replace them with synagogues!"

As I write this, news arrives that Vintila Bratianu has suddenly departed from among the living. He died of heart failure while working in his garden. Obituaries in newspapers and magazines point out that his death clears the way for a reconciliation between the Liberal Party and the King. Vintila Bratianu died a little too conveniently. Convenient deaths happen a little too frequently in Roumania not to remind one of the days of the Borgias.

As the former premier of his country and the leader of the Liberal Party, Vintila Bratianu had been the only man in Parliament who dared openly to vote against the decree which reinstated Carol on the throne. I have hated his motive but have admired his courage. By his opposition, he committed the whole Liberal Party to a definite anti-Carolist stand, and practically wiped out any chance the Liberals might ever have had to come into power. Though the Liberals had been in favor of the regency and had opposed Carol's return with all the means at their disposal, Vintila Bratianu's open opposition at a moment when Carol was King *de facto* had forever sealed the possibility that his party would work with the King. The Roumanians are politically a very pliable people. The younger element of the Liberal Party did not fail to see that their leader's action was against their interests. Even the opposition party thought that Vintila had not acted wisely. For since there must be an opposition, it was better to have the Liberal Party as an opponent to the Peasant Party than any new party that might arise.

THE Liberal party split. The younger element, led by George Bratianu, son of Jonel Bratianu, declared itself in favor of Carol. The older element, with Vintila at the head, continued to refuse to recognize the legality of the decree which reinstated Carol von Hohenzollern to the throne of Roumania. It would have been easy to dismiss the older element and accept the young one as *the* Liberal Party. But the older faction controlled the banks—the older element with Shtirbey and Marie. Parallel with the Hohenzollern dynasty there was the Bratianu dynasty. The sceptre of the Bratianus sometimes wielded greater power than the sceptre of the King. This was pointed out to me in a recent conversation with George Bratianu.

"Why don't you, the younger element

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of the country, put your shoulders to the wheel?" I had asked. "The older men have almost ruined it. They have led the people astray; they have led the whole country astray. Why don't you, who have been educated in Europe and in the United States, take hold of the reins of the country and govern it in a more civilized manner than it has been governed until now?"

George Bratianu, a mild-mannered young man of about thirty, threw his hands up in the air.

"They have a grip on the country—not a political grip, but a financial grip."

"They" meant his uncle, his own family. He, George, the son of Jonel who had so actively opposed Carol, who had been his personal enemy, was willing to let bygones be bygones and work with his young King. But there were other powers at work. Shtirbey was still the shadow King of Roumania. Another political man said that these young men, the Bratianus and Cantacuzenes, had no political experience; that it would be dangerous to entrust them with the reins of the government. To my reply that the political experience of the older men had not been used for the benefit of the country, I was told that I had been too long away from Roumania and did not understand what political experience meant.

"Don't forget the Queen. She has powerful allies. These young men might go out and oppose her openly, really oppose her. She is the greatest danger to the country."

"The Queen?"

"Well, Shtirbey—if you must cross your t's."

Slowly but surely the King of Roumania is being humiliated by his mother. He is being compelled to recall the men whom he had exiled and is being forced to reinstate her into full power, and with full honors, to the position she has occupied before. Instead of telling the Dowager Queen to consider her age and to retire from political life, to go somewhere and rest and enjoy what is still left to her of life, the King of England has interfered in her behalf and has reprimanded Carol for his behavior towards his mother. Royal pressure is also being applied by the other remaining royal houses of Europe. Carol is being told what to do and how to behave. New sanctions are being applied. New financial pressure is brought to bear down the stiffened neck of Marie's son. The interest of the European royal houses is not the same as that of the Roumanian people. Monarchs are afraid to see one more monarchy disappear from the face of the earth. They are afraid of their own security if more ridicule is heaped upon the Roumanian royal household. Such ridicule reflects also upon their heads, and endangers their position and power in their own countries. The thrones of Europe lean against one another. Queen Marie, after having made them all look awry, has appealed to them to come to her rescue, to straighten out her toppling high seat.

If King Carol really has the interest of his people at heart, if he has enough strength of character, he still has the opportunity of saving himself the inevitable humiliations that are in store for him. It is unbelievable that he does not know how much depends on his actions. Roumania is a rich country—one of the richest countries in the world. Its people are sturdy and healthy. Ore, coal, copper, gold, for which in other countries miners and machines must go down into the bowels of the earth, lie almost on the surface of Roumania's soil. Its forests are heavy with beautiful timber. Its vast fields are fat and rich. Its rivers are full of fish. Even if only moderately well administered, the people of Roumania could live happily and in great abundance.

For inexplicable reasons, the history of that poor country is the history of wars and massacres, of maladministration, of cruelty, persecution and internal suicide. The Hohenzollerns have not improved the moral and physical condition of the country. They have made it the laughingstock of the world. They have not been interested in the improvement of the conditions of the country. They have used their power as recklessly and as indiscriminately as parvenus use their newly acquired riches—stupidly, grossly, ostentatiously.

If Carol sits much longer on the throne of Roumania, the time is not far off when he will again be seen behind a little table on the terrace of a Parisian café—just one more exiled king in the great city of Rabelais and Voltaire. And lean fingers will point at him.

"There is the man who could have averted the greatest European war and has failed to do so."

And who will then care whether red-headed Magda, dark-eyed Mirela, plump Zizi, delicate Elvira or stately Helen will be at his side? No one in the world. He will be just another failure—another one who had missed the opportunity to make this earth a happier place to live in—another one whose fumbling fingers had set loose one more hell upon the world.

* * * * *

And where will Marie be then, if she still be among the living? Applauding another Passion Play?

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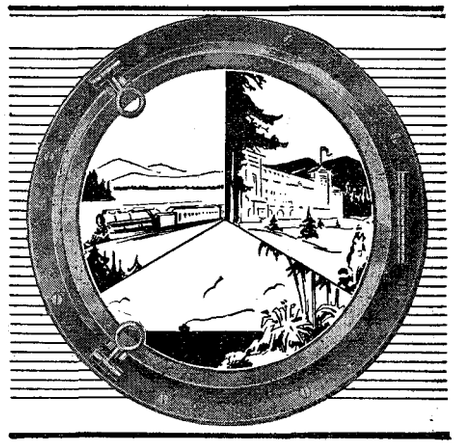

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Silver Shackles

(Continued from Page 139)

about because it decided in 1926 to go on a gold basis. The fact is that the British gold sovereign was made the standard of India in 1899. Like other nations, India tottered off the gold standard in the War, but in 1925 the rupee was again anchored to this standard through establishment of a gold exchange rate which stabilized that unit of currency at 36 cents. The act of 1926 provided a gold bullion standard under which it is possible to convert the rupee directly into gold when tendered in amounts not less than a fixed and substantial minimum. To purchase gold for this bullion standard, the Indian Government has from time to time sold portions of its silver surplus.

In its efforts to stabilize the rupee, the British raj has been impeded by the Indian's philosophy of wealth. All the Orient uses silver as money, partly because of tradition, partly because paper currency rapidly deteriorates if twisted into a loin cloth or buried in the ground; and so, in India, precious metals as metals, not as minted into coins, are the measure of prosperity. If, as has happened, the depreciation of silver makes the content of the silver rupee less than the amount of the metal the rupee will purchase because of its minted stamp, then the Indian sells the coin in exchange for bullion; these sales of rupees of course add to the burden of their stabilization.

The Indian's conception of wealth is striking in its results. It is estimated that in one five-year period that country absorbed annually 6,000,000 ounces of gold and 90,000,000 ounces of silver and that at the end of 1925 it held 4,216,000,000 ounces of silver then worth $2,750,000,000 and 125,000,000 ounces of gold worth nearly $2,500,000,000. If the Indians used this capital either in trade or as the basis of foreign loans, theirs would be a powerful nation.

The silver problem in China is one of currency, although, of course, that country has no currency. In the past century or two, what currency has circulated in China has been exotic—Mexican dollars or other monetary units found at the treaty ports. An early emperor established a gold currency, but a successor decreed that tea, cloth or some other commodity was a better medium of exchange. When, more recently, a warlord minted gold coins, his subjects believed them brass.

The tael is sometimes described as the unit of Chinese currency, but it is not a coin but a measure of silver and, moreover, a measure which varies in quantity and fineness according to locality. In one respect only is the tael uniform: it is always cast in a shape sometimes compared to a shoe and sometimes to a boat with blunt ends. The reason for this shape is obscure, although it may be designed to facilitate stacking of taels in piles. An imprint, known as the chop, completes the tael's identification. The value of the Shanghai tael naturally declined with the price of silver. Hence, having agreed to purchase the Shanghai power plant with these taels, the American and Foreign Power Company was enabled by their subsequent depreciation to buy them at a cost of about $30,000,000 instead of $50,600,000.

China's exports of such commodities as silk, human hair and canned eggs have declined, with the result that stocks of silver which otherwise would have been used in trade, have accumulated at the seaports. The reduction in China's purchasing power resulting from the drop in silver might be expected to be offset in part by the stimulus to exports which usually results from depreciation of a country's currency; but, because of civil wars, China is in no position to take advantage of this stimulus. Meanwhile, in conformity with Professor Kemmerer's recommendation, the Nanking government has taken a step toward establishment of a gold standard by issuing bank notes secured by incoming customs receipts payable in gold.

In Europe, the influence forcing silver downward has been debasement of coinage—first by Great Britain and then by France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Switzerland. Because the silver coinages of these countries rest ultimately on a gold basis, this debasement has not had the unfortunate consequences of similar expedients adopted by penurious monarchs of other days.

Analyzing then, the plight of silver, we find it to result from currency adjustments, debasement of coinages, trade depression and over-supply of the metal. It is estimated that, while governments were throwing 173,000,000 ounces of silver on the market between 1924 and 1929, the mines were increasing their output from 239,000,000 ounces annually to 261,000,000 ounces. Since much silver is produced as a by-product from the mining of other minerals, restriction of production might be difficult. Other remedies, however, have been suggested.

A sub-committee* of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations recommended a loan, in silver, to revive China; but the government of that country intimated that it already had too much silver and some politicians suggested that Senator Pittman, chairman of the sub-committee, may have had the Nevada miners more in mind than the China coolies. Basing his suggestion on a plan outlined by Professor William Dampier-Whetham, Captain Victor Alexander Cazalet, Conservative, suggested in the House of Commons that European countries use silver in paying their debts to the United States. Obviously, Senator Pittman and Captain Cazalet were not acting in concert.

F. H. Brownell, chairman of the American Smelting and Refining Company, would have the United States, Great Britain, France and other interested countries agree that for the next three years they should sell no silver below a stated price, that they should purchase silver required for subsidiary coinages whenever the price falls below a predetermined figure and that they should be permitted to sell silver whenever it rises above an agreed figure. Opponents of this plan argue that if, under this plan, the stabilization level was fixed at 30 cents, for example, and the metal rose above that level, none would be offered to the governments at this price; only, they argue, if the plan failed and silver fell below 30 cents would it be offered. It would seem, however, that concerted action by governments to buy and sell silver only at the right times might aid the market for the metal.

It would seem likely that a long-mooted conference of nations on silver may be called to clear the situation. Such a conference was suggested a year ago by President Ortiz Rubio of Mex-

*Commercial Relations with China

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of May 30, 1951

The senior class of Crossroads University will choose by ballot next week the Most Poisonous Member of the Class, the Most Overrated Student, the Sloppiest Dresser, the Man who Got Least out of his Course, and the one Most Likely to Become a Public Charge.

The saving of the life last month of the aged president of the Academy of Medicine, suffering from paresis, was attributed by the Medical Journal to the timely administration of malaria fever.

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ico and it was aired in the report of Senator Pittman's sub-committee this spring. The International Chamber of Commerce, meeting at Washington recently, approved the proposal for a conference. After issuance of the senate committee's report, Washington indicated unwillingness to commit the United States to such an undertaking but, since the chamber's action, William R. Castle, Jr., Acting Secretary of State, announced that the Government would gladly participate in an international conference on silver although it was unwilling to take the initiative in convening it. Nanking dispatches indicate that China may assume this initiative.

Since the chamber's meeting, J. F. Darling, a director of the Midland Bank of England, suggested to a committee of the Canadian House of Commons that the British Empire form a bank which by some means would restore the value of silver to a twenty-to-one ratio with gold. Though Mr. Darling thought other countries would join the move, observers question whether a bank to stabilize silver would be more successful than a bank to stabilize Brazilian coffee.

In all discussions about silver, it should be remembered that its decline in the world's esteem for the metal has been under way for centuries and that it became definitely of secondary importance as a medium of exchange when the British government demonetized it in 1816. Since then, one nation after another has gone on a gold basis. While in theory gold and silver currencies may exist side by side, in practice the increasing disparity between the value of the two metals has made this impracticable.

If gold has displaced silver in currency because of gold's greater value, it may be asked why gold is not in turn usurped by some other more valuable fine metal, platinum, for instance. The answer is that gold exists in sufficient dearth to make it valuable but in sufficient plenty to make it universally available as a medium of exchange. It may be noted, however, that the present Russian government has used both gold and platinum to back the chervonetz.

The only certain means to end the crisis in silver would be a restoration of normal trade conditions in the Orient particularly and in the world generally. An ending of civil warfare in China and of boycotts and other methods of opposition to the British raj in India would immediately increase the demand for silver in those populous countries. In short, the standing of silver depends largely on an increase in peace and goodwill.

Meanwhile, though apparently from natural causes rather than concerted action, the output of silver shows signs of declining. Production in 1930 was 243,700,000 fine ounces against 260,900,000 ounces in 1929. World production in the first quarter of this year was 20 per cent less than in the same period last year, while American production in April was estimated to be down 38 per cent from the total from April, 1930. A decline in the production of a metal of which there is an oversupply can have only a beneficial influence.

The Spotlight on Sports

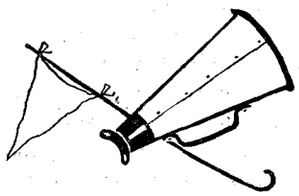
(Continued from Page 147)

that the Senorita claims. If they shock the Victorian prudes who safeguard the conventions at Wimbledon, they will be no less displeasing (though for quite another reason) to those tennis photographers who delight in taking action shots of the lady stars in very unladylike postures. What will the graphic supplements do without those vistas of intimate lingerie?

As a matter of fact, acrobatic tights or one-piece bathing suits would serve the cause of tennis modesty better than the short skirts which pass muster with Wimbledon's Comstocks. Mlle. Lenglen's pleated silk skirt, which ballooned brazenly as she executed a tennis variation of the swan dive, was decidedly more daring than Senorita de Alvarez's bell-shaped pantalettes. Here's hoping the svelt Spanish girl doesn't get "a hint from headquarters."

▶▶*Trouble at the Barrier*

Horses, like men, distrust anything new. Down at Belmont Park, starter Cassidy has been having his troubles coaxing thoroughbreds to accept the new stall gates which have displaced the conventional web barrier. The two-year-olds, which haven't been accustomed to the old-style barrier, walk into the stalls without much fuss, but the seasoned campaigners eye the new contraption suspiciously. They rear, kick, buck and otherwise act "ornery." Some of them refuse to enter the stalls under their own power. These conscientious objectors have to be boosted in bodily by a batch of assistant starters, who protest that they never hired out as piano-movers.



"It's like a rodeo," said Cassidy, "but we are gradually getting the nags educated to the stalls. Muffling the iron supporting bars has helped to quiet easily frightened horses.Those bars gave out a metallic clang when struck by a hoof. We've fixed 'em so they no longer sound like subway turnstiles. Schooling takes patience. Once the horses are convinced that the gates can't hurt them, we shall have fewer post delays and fairer starts than was possible under the old barrier system."

Recent developments have substantiated Cassidy's prediction, though a few untoward incidents featured the first week of stall-breaking. The Southampton Handicap had to be re-run, after the horses had covered the full route, because Clock Tower, the favorite, was held fast by two assistant starters when the barrier was sprung. The encore had a happy ending for everybody but the bookmakers and the long-shot gamblers. Clock Tower won breezing.

▶▶*A Dash of Irish*

Surfeited with years of success on the river, Yale is now tasting a dash of bitters. Leader's Varsity crew has lost two preliminary races—something that never happened before during his régime at New Haven. Harvard foresees victory on the Thames. The presence of Gerald Cassedy, son of a Cambridge plumber, at stroke in the Crimson shell has revitalized Harvard crew prospects. Reports have it that the boat is footing like a dolphin.

Cassedy's mates are Beacon Street bluebloods whose fathers, uncles and cousins pulled Crimson-tipped sweeps. Their names—Saltonstall, Bacon, Webster, Hallowell, Holcomb and Bancroft—exude a Gold Coast aroma. One misses a Coolidge, a Lowell, and a Cabot, but the rest of the Cantab clan is represented.

It took the dash of Irish blood supplied by Cassedy to quicken this patrician boatload and impart that verve which distinguishes a racing eight from a plugging combination. Cassedy's advent among the Beacon Hill boys reminds me of a story popular at New Haven some twenty years ago. It concerned the broad A species of Harvardian who wore a monocle and a Porcellian hatband. Annoyed by insinuations that social prestige was the open sesame to a place on the Harvard crew, this Cambridge aristocrat retorted: "I resent the implication that Harvard is undemocratic. In my senior year I was coxswain of the crew and, believe it or not, I knew every man in the boat personally except the two in the bow."

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

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